The Centre Reporter.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR and PROP'R.

It's queer there is so much discord up in Concord among the Republicans over the election of a U. S. Senator.

=Senator Cameron announces that his stay in Europe will be two years. Senator Mitchell is out in one of the Territories bossing a cattle ranche. Both our Senators are now where they should remain.

=The Mifflinburg Telegraph comes to us enlarged to a 9 colum paper. The Telegraph always was a good paper and now it is better.

=Queen Victoria is four feet eight inches high. Being neither a dwarf nor a giant Vic is the only subject of the kind we know of that would pay to take out on exhibition.

=The New York Tribune, a Blaine organ, says the Maine statesman will not be a candidate for President. This does not mean there will be no presidential campaign in 1884, which is plain without Blaine.

The lightning slingers and the cigar makers went on a strike last week. Smoking, however, still went on while telegraphing was almost at a standstill.

We see one possible way for the cigar makers to get an increase of fodder: Now when 10,000 of them are idle, let them go to work vigorously to smoke up the cigars on hand; this will create a demand and, with a demand will come higher wages.

Now if with the striking cigar makers there were a strike of the whisky makers and the two holding out about five years what a grand temperance work would result. The Reporter has no patent on these suggestions.

The question how to abolish polygamy has at length been solved by a mormon bishop no later than last week. His plan is far more effective and speedy than the Edmund's law. This bishop had two wives with whom he was as much disgusted as the Gentiles are with polygamy. The two wives lay in one bed. He most carefully put some dynamite under that bed. How long it took to abolish polygamy in that she-bang and send the two over to see Brigham is easier to imagine than for the REPORTER to tell.

There need no longer be a doubt about the negroe's being capable of learning the ways of the white man. Here is an instance to prove it:

Little Rock, Ark., July 16.—On Saturday evening, on Williamson's place, two miles out, two negroes, one with a musket and one with a rifle, fought a duel at twenty paces. A ball entered the mouth of one, passing through the head. The other received a charge of shot in the groin. Both died on Saturday night.

The Virginia Republicans will not swallow Arthur and Mahone, and have pronounced in favor of Blaine. Their State Central Committee adopted resolutions indorsing congressman Dezendorf, condemn the national administration for throwing its influence against Republican candidates at the instance of the bosses of the Readjuster party, and in removing from office Republicans who have always been active in support of the party and placing in their position men who refuse to acknowledge themselves Republicans.

A resolution was adopted declaring James G. Blaine the choice of the Republicans of Virginia for President.

The Supreme Court of the United States has just rendered a decision in a suit between a railroad company and the Fifth Baptist Church in Washington. The church complained that the railroad company had erected an engine-house and machine shop on a plot of ground immediately adjoining its edifice for public worship, and had used these structures in such a way as to disturb, on Sundays and other days, the congregation assembled in the church edifice, to interfere with religious exercises therein, to break up its Sabbath school, and, in short, to destroy the value of the building as a place for public worship. It brought suit against the company for damages, and the jury gave a verdict in its favor. Mr. Justice Field, in stating the opinion of the Court, said that the church "had the same right to the comfortable enjoyment of its house for church purposes that a private gentleman has to the comfortable enjoyment of his own house;" and if so, then the railroad company has no right so to use its property as to interfere with this enjoyment, and for this interference ought to pay whatever damages a jury might see fit to assess.

It is said Clearfield county is to have another railroad. Now if they do not soon quit building railroads in Clearfield they will have to come over into Centre for ground to build them on.

THAT RAILROAD.

The ray of hope that was given out early in the spring that our road was to be finished seems to be vanishing again. Now might it not be well for our citizens to hold an indignation meeting, or a meeting to renew our petition, or a meeting to do something that may move the Penn'a company to do what they promised? Such a meeting might be held at some central point in the valley, to make at least one more effort for the completion of the road, or at least its extension to Centre Hall which would give the people west of here some benefit for the money spent and the lands taken.

What say those interested to this suggestion of the REPORTER? Do any of them feel like fixing a time and place for such a meeting to take such action as the case may demand? What say you?

The exact date of the birth of Christ has always been a disputed point, recently the matter has again received attention, and we give the result for the benefit of the readers of the Reporter:

Professor Sattler, of Munich, claims the distinction of having solved the problem as to the year in which Christ was born, and of having demonstrated the fact that the current year is probably 1888 instead of 1883. He bases his proof mainly on three coins which were struck in the reign of Herod Antipas, son of Herod the Great, and which date, consequently from the first half of the first century of the current era. Madden admits the genuineness of those coins and other numismatic writers do the same. The evidence they offer is said to coincide with the narrative of the gospels and with astronomical calculations. The following are the results at which Professor Sattler has arrived: Jesus was born on the 25th of December, 749 years after the founding of Rome, and commenced his public career on the 17th of November, 780 years after the founding of Rome. He was then thirty years, ten months and twenty two days old. The date on which he commenced his career fell in the fifteenth year of the Emperor Tiberius, and in the forty-sixth year after the building of Herod's temple. This is in accordance with St. Luke iii: 1, and St. John ii: 20. Jesus died on the 7th of April, 783 of the Roman era, that is to say, on Friday before Passover; for it has been ascertained by exact calculation that Passover fell that year on the 7th of April, 783; and, as the latter year was a Jewish leap year, and consisted accordingly, of thirteen months, his public career lasted two years and seven months. According to Professor Sattler, the Christian reckoning is at fault by five years, and we are now, therefore, in 1888 and not in 1883.

THE "PENNSYLVANIA" IDEA.

[Baltimore Sun.]

The platform of the Pennsylvania Republicans has been fitly characterized as "a Dolly Varden affair, full of brilliant colors and moonshine platitudes." The most striking plank, being that suggested by Mr. Wharton Barker, a political theorist, of Philadelphia, for a distribution of the surplus revenues of the government among the States for aid to education and to relieve the burden of local taxation. This is the first formal presentation of this scheme by a political body, and will doubtless attract much attention and provoke no little discussion. Having been adopted by the Republicans of a great State, it will probably be next year transformed into a national Republican idea. The idea seems to be that the greater the surplus the greater the divide, and therefore a paternal government will levy additional taxation in order to secure greater division. Under this plan, as the New York World declares, "the more heavily the people are taxed the richer they will be, and thus the Republican party will consider itself chartered to build up new tax fed monopolies in order to distribute the surplus blessings." The New York Times declares that the doctrine of this new plank "would carry centralization far beyond anything heretofore proposed," and that the Pennsylvania protectionists have 'been carried to this extreme of absurdity by their desperate shifts for maintaining high duties. The Times concludes that the rest of the platform is not sufficiently strong to carry the "rank absurdity" of the high protective tariff and the distribution planks. The New York Herald which cannot be charged with a leaning to the Democratic side, regards the proposition for a distribution of the surplus as a movement in the direction of communism, whatever may have been the intention of the convention. It claims that the surplus would be wasted, for the reason that "State Governments are as ready to waste public money as Congress when it passes a river and harbor job or a pension job." Altogether, it looks as if this new departure in politics will not pan out very profitably.

A butcher in Poughkeepsie, killed an ox a few days ago and on opening its paunch found therein a $500 certificate of stock in the Poughkeepsie bridge.

——The Republicans have made their nominations and the most significant plank in their platform is this one, that where persons fail to derive any benefit from the tariff, the next best place to resort to is the Philad. Branch for new suits for men and boys—and on this issue they will go before the people.

THE CHOLERA.

SIGHTS THAT ARE SEEN IN THE STREETS OF CAIRO.

London, July 20, 1883.

The Standard's correspondent at Cairo says that unless the English authorities promptly take the direction of affairs the checking of the spread of cholera will be hopeless. Even the simplest sanitary arrangements are neglected. The funeral system is most obnoxious. The corpses, encased in very slight coffins, are carried through the crowded streets on men's shoulders. The clothes of persons dying in the hospitals are often stripped off and taken for wearing purposes by relatives. While a man stricken with cholera was on his way yesterday in a cart to the hospital the driver stopped opposite a cafe and gave the invalid a drink from the water bottle used by customers of the place. A few minutes afterward the sick man died opposite the largest cafe in Cairo. The only precaution taken in this case was to sprinkle a little chloride of lime on the corpse. The cart then pursued its way.

There were 140 deaths from cholera at Cairo yesterday.

Twe regiments of British troops have gone to Suez.

The European Powers are increasing the quarantine regulations against persons, goods and vessels from Egypt, owing to the prevalence of cholera there.

Twenty nine deaths from cholera occurred yesterday at Mansurah, 24 at Samanoud, 28 at Ghizeh, 44 at Chirbin and 3 at Damietta. There were 16 deaths from the disease at Menzaleh on Tuesday.

PESTILENCE IN THE EAST.

London, July 23.—Advices from Egypt states that, in addition to the outbreak of cholera at the town of Foreskour, eight miles southwest of Damietta the leprosy has appeared there and is spreading rapidly. There are neither doctors nor medicine at Foreskour.

BLOOD PAID FOR BY THE OUNCE.

In New York the suit of Edward Banks against C. F. Okenberg to recover $250 blood money was decided by Justice Kelley, of the Sixth District Court, The defendant was found unconcious in his room at the St. Andre Hotel on the evening of February 17, partially asphyxiated from escaping gas. Three physicians were unable to restore him to consciousness, and after a consultation they agreed that the only hope of saving the man's life was by the process of transfusion of blood. Banks, who is a colored servant in the hotel, offered his services. Eight ounces of blood were taken from his right arm and Okenberg's life was saved. Banks testified that Okenberg promised to pay him $250 for his services. Justice Kelly's decision was in favor of the plaintiff for $197 90 and costs.

A KANSAS CYCLONE.

Four Persons Killed and Fifteen Injured.

Holton, Kan, July 11.—A tornado struck Soldier City, a town of two hundred inhabitants, eighteen miles west of this city, on the Kansas Central Railroad, last night, about 10 o'clock, completely demolishing sixteen buildings and injuring numbers of others. Three women and one child were killed outright, and some fifteen injured, several seriously.

The New York *Sun* stigmatizes the platform of the Pennsylvania Republicans as "crazy and dishonest." In commenting upon the resolution which provides for the distribution of the surplus revenue of the Government among the several States, the *Sun* says: "If Congress can constitutionally levy taxes to provide for any part of the 'burdens of local taxations;' it can levy taxes to provide for all the expenses of all the States. This would be about equal to the scheme Horace Greely used to laugh at of paying all taxes out of the public Treasury."

THE CONVERSION OF JERUSALEM INTO A SEAPORT.

The details of a scheme of this character are recited in the London *Times*. The proposed canal is to unite the Mediterrenean and the Gulf of Akabath, the eastern arm of the upper waters of the Red Sea. A great trench is to be hallowed out from Haifa, in the Bay of Acre, through the plain of Esdraelon to the valley of the Jordan, tapping the Lake of Gallilee. The course of the river will be diverted lower down for the sake of converting Jerico, Jerusalem and possibly Bethlehem as well, into salt-water spots, or half-way houses on the canal.

The entire water route from sea to sea, including Lot's great salt marsh, or bitter lake, which measures 200 miles, and varying in width from 200 feet to 10 miles, will float vessels of the largest size from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea. While the projectors refer casually to the prophecy of Ezekiel that there is to be a broad sea in the heart of the desert and that "the fishers shall stand upon it from Engedi even unto Eneglaim," sacred associations have little to do with their scheme of an interoceanic canal through Palestine. They talk lightly of draining the Lake of Galilee, changing the course of the Jordan, increasing the business facilities of Jerusalem, and steaming through the Dead Sea. They are prepared to pay $5,000,000 as recompense to the natives whose property may be injured by the submerging of 300 square miles of the Holy Land. As for the losses in religious veneration and sacred feeling, they roughly estimate that these would be amply compensated for in the revival of business activity.

Mr. G. W. Nitrauer, Lebanon, Pa., says: „Rheumatism, sleeplessness and swelling troubled me which Brown's Iron Bitters completely cured."

A TERRIBLE EXPLOSION.

Reading July 17.—The furnace at Kutztown, this county, is a mass of ruins, caused by a terrible explosion that occurred early this morning. The furnace is owned by the Reading Railroad Company and operated by W. M. Kauffman & Co. All the inhabitants in Kutztown were awakened by the shock and the noise was heard for miles around. There were eight boilers walled in. One of the boilers exploded, which tore up all rest and they were thrown together in one mass. The iron stack which was connected with the boilers and was thrown by the explosion on the casting house and demolished it, was sixty-five feet high. The iron from the boilers was scattered in all directions. The stack is nearly full of iron as they were preparing to cast, and the damage will be enormous. There is a large stock of coal and coke on hand. The engine and boiler house were completely demolished, the walls falling down with a tremendous crash. Most of the employes had gone outside the casting house to cool themselves. It was fortunate that the accident occurred when it did, as it saved many lives. One man, however, was killed and several injured.

HUMAN BONDAGE IN AIRZONA.

Washington, May 15.—D. M. Riordan of the Navajo Indian Agency writes from Fort Defiance, Arizona, that a boy recently killed by a member of Francisco Capitain's band was a slave of the murder. The owners of slaves have always held that they have absolute power over them, and they think as little of killing one of them as of killing a dog. They beat and starve them and act toward them as slave drivers generally do. The agent adds: 'The Indian seemed unable to comprehend why I took so much interest in a dead slave. I learned from Francisco Capitain that the entire family of the murdered boy and five other persons were held as slaves. The original slaves were two Moqui girls who were bought for corn four generations ago. All their descendants were considered slaves and so treated. Some time ago the father of the murdered boy asserted his right to be free. The killing of the boy was thought to be the proper way to remind the father of his dependent condition. I determined to secure the liberation of all the remaining slaves and demanded that all those now among the Indians who are held in bondage should be set free. They said it would completely ruin them. One old villain wanted to know who would take care of him if his slaves were taken away.'

Agent Riordan says he insisted that all the slaves should be freed and the Indians finally acceded to his demand. He estimates that there are about 3 0 persons held inslavery by this tribe. Some of them are war captives, and others were procured by trade or purchase. Their descendants, he says, are always considered slaves. The Indian Bureau has approved the action of Agent Riordan, and will render him every assistance possible in carrying out his plans.

Cattle Feeding.

Most animals eat in proportion to their weight, under average conditions of age, temperature and fatness.

A good guide for a safe quantity of grain per day to maturing cattle is one pound to each hundred of their weight; thus an animal weighing 1,000 may receive 10 pounds of grain.

Never give rapid changes of food, but change often.

Give fattening cattle as much as they will eat and often—five times a day.

Every stall feeding in the fall will make the winter progress more certain by 30 per cent.

Give as much water and salt at all times as they will take.

In using roots, it is one guide to give just so much, in association with other things, so that the animal may not take any water.

In buildings have warmth with complete ventilation, without currents, but never under 40 nor over 70 degrees Fahrenheit.

A cold, damp, airy temperature will cause animals to consume more food without corresponding result in bone, muscle, flesh or fat, much being used to keep up the warmth.

Stall feeding is better for fat making than box or yard management, irrespective of health.

The growing animal, intended for beef, requires a little exercise daily to promote muscle and strength of constitution, when ripe, only so much as to be able to walk to market.

Currying daily is equal to 7 per cent. of the increase.

James H. Haynie, the American newspaper man in Paris, formerly a reporter in Chicago, who came to this country with the Bernhardt, presumably to teach her French, tells this little story in a letter to the St. Paul *Pioneer Press*: "Mme. B., when on a visit to Rome, purchased from the Pope the title of Count for her husband, who was a worthy cattle-breeder. To her telegram, worded as follows, 'Monsieur, you are a Count,' the husband had the good sense to answer, 'Madame, you are a fool.'"

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——If you want to see mountains of clothing, genuine goods, latest styles, and low in prices, then wend your way to the Philad. Branch, where you buy cheaper than in Philadelphia or in any other city. This is a fact—try it, and you will be convinced as hundreds have been.

A Man of Few Words.

To prove the garrulity of some travelers we state the following facts: A young man, some time back, arrived at an inn, and after alighting from his horse, went into the travelers' room, while he walked backward and forward for some minutes, displaying the utmost impatience. At length he rang the bell, and upon the waiter's appearance gave him an order nearly as follows: "Waiter!" The waiter replied, "Sir." "I am a man of few words and don't like continually ringing the bell and disturbing the house. I'll thank you to listen to what I am going to say." The waiter again replied, "Yes, sir." "In the first place bring me a glass of brandy and water, cold, with a little sugar and also a teaspoon; wipe down the table, throw some coals on the fire, and sweep up the hearth; bring me a couple of candles, pen, ink and paper, some wafers, a little sealing-wax, and let me know what time the post goes out. Tell the hostler to take care of my horse, dress him well, stop his feet, and let me know when he is ready to feed. Order the chambermaid to prepare me a good bed, take care that the sheets are well aired, a clean night-cap and a glass of water in the room. Send the boots with a pair of slippers that I can walk to the table in; tell him I must have my boots cleaned and brought into this room to-night, and that I shall want to be called at five o'clock in the morning. Ask your mistress what I can have for supper; tell her I should like roast duck or something of that sort; desire your master to step in, I want to ask him a few questions about the drapers of this town." The waiter answered "Yes, sir," and then went to the landlord and told him a gentleman in the parlor wanted a great many things, and among the rest he wanted him, and that was all he could recollect.

CARRIE'S LESSON.

"It is so dull and stupid staying in town when everybody one knows is off to the seaside, or somewhere," Carrie Hastings said, looking like a discontented little fairy, if fairies, granting there are such charming people, are discontented.

And as she spoke she looked significantly at her handsome husband, whose six feet of masculinity was stretched full length on the sofa.

"Ditto, with all my heart, Carrie, but it's full as dull, yes, duller for me to spend my summer in a dingy office than for you in this airy, cheery little nest of a home."

"Men have to stay at home, though, Arthur."

"But women?"

"Oh, women! Of course they never need any change. They are just expected to stay at home and be rapturously happy with a three-year-old baby and a walk to church on Sundays.

And then Arthur Hasting's face grew grave.

"Were you really so deeply in earnest about wanting to go away somewhere, dear?"

"Indeed, I want to go, Arthur—awfully! Jennie is going to Eastbourne with the Elbertons, and Ida and Marion are at Yarmouth, and I do want to go somewhere, too! Not far, but where you could come down now and then, or Saturday, anyhow."

"And baby? You would take her?"

"Indeed I'd not! I want to go for a rest, and to enjoy myself, which I certainly could not do if I was tied to the baby. And to take a nurse would cost too much. I can get Cousin Hattie to come and stay while I am gone."

Mr. Hastings smiled—just a little sarcastically.

"How delightful—for me! If I remember, Cousin Hattie wears glasses, and quotes Shelby by the page, and understands George Eliot to the deepest wrinkle!"

"Then go with me, Arthur," with a delicious little pout.

"Which you know is impossible. I cannot leave London this autumn, unless you prefer to be a bankrupt's wife, and give up this pretty little nest."

What a dismal prophet you always are, Arthur! May I go to Ramsgate with Mrs. Challis? Be a darling, now, and say I may."

"If your heart is so set upon it my little wife, certainly; I am not the modern Bluebeard to thwart all your joys."

And, by way either of reward, or to make him doubly homesick to spare her, Carrie threw her dainty arms around his neck and deluged him with sweetest kisses.

For a fortnight afterward Carrie was plunged deep in the expensive, exquisite delights of preparing for her holiday; and when the appointed time arrived, off she went, under Mrs. Challis's wing, to pass the heated days where saline breezes wafted health and refreshment, while her husband stayed at home and—endured.

"You're enjoying yourself, my dear, I hope," Mrs. Challis said, at the end of a fortnight. "Mr. Strathstone is a handsome young fellow, and very agreeable.

Carrie flushed furiously.

"You don't think I've been flirting, Mrs. Challis? I should despise myself if I did. Arthur told me to make the best of my time, and of course, I'm doing it."

"Of course, you conscientious little woman! I don't blame you in the least—besides I've no doubt Mr. Hastings is following your example at home. Gentlemen generally do, when their wives leave them to their own devices."

And for a week Carrie nursed that little seed of good-natured insinuation.

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ANTIQUITY OF MAN IN AMERICA

"The Geological Testimony to the Antiquity of man in America" was considered by Professor Willis De Hass in a carefully prepared paper which he read at the American association. After referring to a skeleton disinterred at Natchez, Mississippi of very uncertain antiquity, and the remains yielded by the Trenton gravel formation, which he was disposed to place at even a pre-glacial period, the speaker mentioned the caverns as constituting the best sources of information as to human antiquities. They show evidences of the existence of man on this continent long antedating the mound period and would, he had no doubt hereafter become as celebrated for human antiquities as were the caverns of Belgium and France. He attributed the ancient copper workings of Lake Superior to a prehistoric race and asserted that a greater amount of labor had been performed by the miners in a space of less than two thousand acres than two thousand men working twenty years could perform in our time. All the mines of the Lake Superior region he added gave evidence of having been wrought by a prehistoric race. Prf. DeHass did not, however consider that the mounds and mural works of the west and south bore evidence of a high antiquity—of more perhaps than two thousand years. They might be assigned to a people intermediate between the mound builders and the Indians.

The locality of the boy who asked a druggist for five cents worth of cube root is as hard to determine as the man who struck the unfortunate Patterson.

POLISHING THE WRONG END.

Many men daily polish their boots who never give a thought to the condition of their hair, except to harrow it casually with brush and comb, or submit it to the paralyzing attentions of the average barber. What happens? Why this: From neglect, mental anxiety, or any of a score of causes, the hair turns prematurely gray and begins to fall out. Parker's Hair Balsam will at once stop the latter process and restore the original color. An elegant dressing, free from grease. july 4t

Put a Brand on Him.

"Women are a necessary evil," he said, bringing down his fist hard on the counter to emphasize the heartless remark. It was in a village store at West Milton, Saratoga county, and the speaker was the central figure of a group of bucholic philosophers. He was homely, slovenly and sixty.

"There's where I differ from you altogether," said Mr. George T. Graham, of the same place. "Women are mostly what men make 'em. When husbands are brutes wives will fall into submission or make home hot for the men; and they're unnatural in either character. Love them, and especially be good to them when they're sick, and you'll have no trouble. There's my own wife, now. She's suffered a good deal with dyspepsia, nervous prostration and other ailments that took the bloom off her cheeks and the spring out of her steps. Well, she saw an advertisement of Parker's Tonic, and thought it would be just the thing for her case. Gentlemen, I sent five miles after a bottle. She took it. I sent again after more. So several times. Trouble? Why, if you could see how much good it has done her you would say that women are the greatest of God's blessings, and Parker's Tonic is the next."

This preparation, which has been known as Parker's Ginger Tonic, will hereafter be called simply "Parker's Tonic." This change has been rendered necessary by substitutes imposed upon their customers by unprincipled dealers under the name of ginger; and as ginger is really an unimportant flavoring ingredient, we drop the misleading word.

There is no change however in the preparation itself, and all bottles remaining in the hands of dealers, wrapped under the name of Parker's Ginger Tonic contain the genuine medicine if the facsimile signature of Hiscox & Co. is at the bottom of the outside wrapper. july tu r

SPRING MILLS HOUSE,

On L. & T. R. R.

FINE SUMMER RESORT.

Fine Fishing and Hunting—Romantic Mountain and Valley Scenery. Healthy Locality.

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J. H. BIBBY,.....Proprietor

SPRING MILLS, CENTRE COUNTY, PA.

1 4vm

WM. A. SANDOE,

MERCHANT TAILOR, CENTRE HALL, PA.

Desires to announce to his customers that he has lately taken instructions under W. W. Belford, of Milton, in the latest improvements in cutting, who is one of the best tailors in Penn'a, and is now able to serve customers with better fits than before.

=He has also received fashion plates containing the latest styles. Also a fine lot of samples from which you can select for suits. He respectfully asks the public when in need of clothings to give him a trial. 29mary

Of Another Age.

Gradually Supplanted by a Better Article. Certain Old Things are Done Away.

In the general reception room of the Western Union Telegraph building on Broadway, New York, are exhibited the coarse, crude and clumsy instruments of the infancy of the telegraph. They are only relics now. More perfect machinery has superseded them.

Years ago what is now styled the old-fashioned porous plaster did some good service. There was then nothing better of the kind. Now all that is changed. Science and study have gone deeper into the secrets of medicine and produced BENSON'S CAPCINE POROUS PLASTER, which embodies all the excellencies taus far possible in an external remedy. The old plasters were slow—the Capcine is rapid; they were uncertain—the Capcine is sure. Cheaper articles bear similar names. Be careful, therefore, that some thrifty druggist does not deceive you. In the center of the genuine is cut the word Capcine. Price 75 cents. Seabury, and Johnson, Chemists, New York. july

Stock on the Farm.

Corns in Horses.

BY PROFESSOR FERGUSON.

There are few affections of the foot of the horse of more frequent occurrence than that called corn, and there are fewer whose real nature and proper mode of treatment are well understood. A corn in the foot of a horse bears no resemblance to the corn on the foot of a human being, although they are both the result of undue pressure. In the former the pressure arises from an iron shoe—in fact, there is concussion; in the latter the pressure or friction arises from the boots or shoes with which the feet are covered. The corn of the human being is generally a thickening of the outer skin, which, unlike other callosities, the parts beneath are highly sensitive and very painful when unduly pressed upon. In the human being the thickening of the skin is generally more accumulative at one particular point than at the surrounding surface, and presses most painfully on the sensitive nerves beneath that particular point. Chiropodists, or corn doctors, give relief by removing the thickened skin, and thus relieving the sensitive parts beneath it from undue pressure. The weather seems to have much to do with the amount of pain caused to a human being by a corn. When rain exists, or is approaching, the thickened skin, principally the cuticle thereof, becomes still more thickened, and, by its increased pressure on the parts beneath, causes an augmentation of pain. The corns of many persons are as sensitive to the approach of rain as a barometer—in some instances more so. These allusions to the corn of human beings are made, not as an intended dissertation on the disease, but for the purpose of showing that, although similarly named, the corn in the horse's foot is quite different from the corn affecting the human being; and that, although they are both caused by undue pressure, the former requires different treatment from that adopted for the cure or alleviation of the latter.

Corn in the foot of the horse is an extravasation of blood into the horny tissues of the foot situated most frequently—in fact, with few exceptions—at the inner heel, between what is called the "bar" and the inner crust.

From the undue pressure there is an increased quantity of blood sent to the part, a portion of which blood is secreted along with the flaky horn, and causes the latter, on paring, to present a red appearance. It is decidedly most injudicious to attempt to pare away what is generally designated the corn, as doing so but renders the part more susceptible to the injurious influence of undue pressure, such as bloody extravasation from the pressure of the shoe; and if the exciting causes be continued, the sensitive parts may have such an inflammatory action set up in them as to cause acute inflammation, in some instances leading to suppuration or the formation of matter, which causes most severe lameness, the matter being pent up and unable to find vent except by its accumulation working up by the laminæ of the crust to the coronet, where it passes out. But such a process often causes irreparable damage. It is thus seen that a corn in the foot of the horse is totally different from a corn of the human being, inasmuch as the latter is confined to the skin of the part affected; whereas the former has its seat beneath the horny structure, principally at the inner quarter of the sole of the animal's foot. The nearest resemblance of a corn in a horse to a corn of the human being is an extravasation of blood resulting from direct violence to one of the toe nails. In corns of the horse the skin is never primarily affected. The parts affected are those covered merely by horn, which, to some extent, resembles in structure the human nail. But when suppuration occurs, and that from accumulation, from not having vent below, the matter burrows upwards, and breaks out at the coronet or between hair and hoof; then the skin at the coronet becomes involved; but such is most frequently the case where the lateral cartilages have become affected, and what is commonly called a "quittor" has formed.

Quittor.—If there is no suppuration—the formation of matter—and the foot is of a moderately good shape—that is, that its sole is not sunken, or, what is commonly called, "pumiced"—the most desirable treatment is simple, and should consist simply in the removal of all undue pressure from the heel, by the application of a three-quarter or four-fifth shoe to the affected foot, the short heel of the shoe being on its inside; this kind of shoe should be used for a considerable time. After the animal goes sound, or free from lameness, it should be worked. In time, the horn secreted at the heel, between the bar and the crust, being relieved of pressure from the shoe, commences to secrete healthy horn; the inflammatory action having ceased, the animal goes what is commonly called "perfectly sound," or free from lameness. But where matter has formed at the seat of the corn it causes great suffering, and consequently intense lameness. When such is the case the matter, which is generally very small in quantity and dark in color, should have an exit made for it by carefully paring the horny sole between the bar and the under outer margin of the crust, and beneath the confined matter. This procedure gives almost immediate relief, and if a three-quarter shoe be used and foot poulticed for a few days, the animal will in a short time be found free from that painful degree of lameness which results from a suppurating corn. But time for a new growth of horn is necessary. If in the paring away of the horny sole at the heels the "quick," or sensitive part, has been exposed, and the latter has a tendency to granulate in excess, the granulations can be generally kept within the desired bounds by dressing them lightly once daily with butyr of antimony.

The general practice of shoeing-smiths, when a horse is required to be shod, of what is called "searching for corns," and then, when they have found a blood mark at the seat of the corn, paring the discolored horn away to nearly the quick, is productive of much mischief, and should never be adopted. It, however, is unlikely that any arguments, however forcibly set forth, will induce the generality of smiths to alter such a reprehensible practice.

As a general rule, the mode of treatment most calculated to get rid of a horse's corn, provided the animal has a tolerably well-shaped foot, is to use either a three-quarter shoe or a shoe so made that by its application there is no pressure whatever from it on that part of the foot which constitutes the seat of the corn. But shoeing smiths will seldom take the necessary trouble to fashion such a shoe, which should be so made that it abruptly ceases to press on the foot within four-fifths or three-quarters from its termination at the inner heel. It is better to have an abrupt termination of this upward pressure from the shoe on the inner heel than to have it gradual, or to have what is commonly called a "spring" in the heel, as the latter causes an undue tax upon the inner nails of the shoe, and consequently has a tendency to loosen it. Horses shod persistently with ordinary three-quarter shoes very seldom have a tendency to corns, but the natural aplomb of their fore feet is so much interfered with, and rendered unequal as they tread, that some of them, if they have a tendency in that direction, are apt to brush or speedy cut. But such are exceptions to the general rule.—*Irish Farmers' Gazette.*

Care of Brood Mares when in Foal.

To bestow some care in the selection of the food for mares with foal will be worth the farmer's while. There can be no doubt that the chance of obtaining a good foal is in a very high degree increased by the certainty that the food of the mother, during her pregnancy, has been all that it ought to be in point of quality and quantity. It appears to be established that any, even very temporary, failure in the quality or quantity of the food of the mother, at any period of her pregnancy, during the many complicated changes incident to the body of the foal in its development, proves the source of some one or another defect in the organization of the foal throughout life, and, therefore, perhaps of some serious vice in its permanent onstitution. Too much care, therefore, can not be bestowed to avert any failure of this kind that may be attended with a consequence so serious.

The materials out of which the body of the foal is constructed are altogether drawn from the blood of the mare. The food, therefore, allowed to the mare during pregnancy must be sufficient, not only to maintain her blood in a state adequate to supply the ordinary wants of her own system, but also to bear the additional drain put upon it for the development of the various textures entering into the structural composition of the offspring which she carries in her womb.

To determine theoretically what addition should be made to the ordinary food of the mother, in order to enable her to bring the work of reproduction to a perfectly successful termination, it would be necessary to institute a comparison between the quantity and kind of material required for the repair of the periodical loss in the substance of the mother's body, under the amount of work obtained from her, with the quantity and kind of material adequate at each particular type of pregnancy, to produce the development of the fœtus in the like periods. It can not be assumed in theory that a mere increase of the ordinary kind of food will suffice to supply all that the fœtal foal requires for its perfect development; for that assumption would imply that the textures in the mother which are undergoing waste by labor must, throughout pregnancy, be the same, or of the same composition, as those which are, at the same period, acquiring development in her offspring within the womb.

Physiological chemistry has not yet reduced to an exact measure, fit to be expressed in figures, the precise additions to be made to the food of such an animal as the mare during the successive stages of her pregnancy, in order to insure the perfect development of the foal. Nevertheless, there are some considerations that may not be without their use towards the attainment of this object. It is, however, necessary to remark that a strict attention to the food of breeding mares should not supersede a regard to the other circumstances that are conceived to exert an influence in the production of what is called a hit, or signal instance of success, in obtaining a perfect foal; and the farmer should pay attention to the kind of mare he is to breed from, as well as to the merits of the stallion of which he makes choice.

The pregnancy of the mare lasts for eleven months, and during all this period there is a drain on the mother to supply the materials necessary for the development of the frame of the foal. In the early stage of her pregnancy the drain is, of course, very small, but it grows greater as the pregnancy advances. How mysterious soever may be the connection between the blood of the fœtus in the placenta, it is certain that the development of the bodily frame of the foal takes place exclusively at the expense of the blood of the mother. Thus there is no room for doubt that the blood of the mother during pregnancy, when proper food is supplied, undergoes changes of a kind to fit it to afford, at each succeeding stage, such materials as the exigencies of development in the fœtus at that stage require. The only well-marked change that has been observed on the blood in mammals during pregnancy is an increase in the proportion of fibrine. This has long been known, as respects the human race, by the fact that blood drawn from a vein during pregnancy uniformly shows the same buffy coat, composed of fibrine, which is present in blood drawn during acute inflammation. The presence of fibrine in large proportion in the blood during pregnancy implies the simultaneous accession of sulphur and phosphorus in corresponding proportion. Though it is by no means a settled point in physiology, we may in the meantime take it for granted that a larger amount of food affording fibrine, and by consequence, sulphur and phosphorus, is required by the breeding mare than by the same mare when merely employed in ordinary farm or other work. The distinction between vegetable fibrine and vegetable albumen cannot always be drawn in the analysis of the grasses and other articles of food fit for the animals of the farm. This distinction is, however, very manifest in the seeds of the cerealia or grain-grasses; thus the gluten, as it is termed, of wheat consists essentially of fibrine. All the ordinary prized forage grasses, and the artificial grasses, contain, most probably, in sufficient proportion, mineral simples required for the development of the fœtus.—*Thoroughbred Stock Journal, Phila., Pa.*

The Improved Breeds.

Stockmen are always anxious to learn something of the merits of the beef breeds of cattle, and as Australia and New Zealand are well supplied with English cattle of all classes and families, ranchmen having experimented with a view to judge for themselves, expressions from those colonies on this subject are interesting and instructive, even if differences of opinion prevent such expressions from being conclusive.

The *Queenslander*, published at Brishane, Australia, is not in favor of the Shorthorn. A letter from New South Wales to that journal, signed "All Red," brings evidence of the great suitability of the Devons for the Australian bush, and the writer, after giving his own experience, quotes from a letter received from a squatter at Cooper's Creek, who, in order to prove which of the breeds would best suit the country, purchased Shorthorn, Hereford, and Devon bulls from some of the best breeders in the Hunter district, and put them into the herd, which was an ordinary one. After experiencing a very dry time, he wrote as follows:—"In consequence of the long drought I was not able to get among the cattle for some time, and when I mustered I found the Devon bulls all alive, a good many Herefords, but not a single Shorthorn." "All Red" says he has found that when the cattlemen of Australia once try the Devons they always stick to them. He states that a few years ago one breeder might easily have supplied all the demand there was for bulls of that breed, whereas now he knows personally more than a dozen colonial breeders of Devon, and their young bulls are all bought up readily as soon as they are offered for sale.

Another correspondent, Mr. Reginald Wynthan, writing from Leconfield, says:—"I have sold scores of Hereford bulls myself for use in Shorthorn herds, and hope to sell many more. A buyer came to me only a few days ago wanting Hereford bulls for his Shorthorn cows, his Shorthorn bulls having all died during the late drought; and I venture to say there are few cattle-breeders who have not seen and admired the first cross between the pure Hereford bull and Shorthorn cow. As Australia is the finest cattle country in the world—particularly the Queensland portion of it—and as the day must come, sooner or later, when they will be worth at least double what they now sell at, we shall do well to carefully consider the merits of the different breeds, that the most suitable breed may be kept on the different classes of country. On many stations where the cattle run in small lots the brandings have been wretched, notwithstanding that large sums have been spent in buying bulls, because Shorthorn bulls cannot travel about for their cows. Then, in droughts it is a fact—and a wellk nown fact, too—that Shorthorns will die long before Herefords and Devons, or, I believe, any other breed. New Zealand, I shou'd say, is the proper country for the Shorthorn, where an acre of land will provide him with sufficient grass and water, and where he will not have to travel a great distance to market. But in Queensland, on very many runs, Herefords or Devons should be kept, although I am not sure that the black polled Angus will not be found to be the most profitable breed of all.

Mr. John Smith, writing to the same paper on the same subject says: "My own opinion is that if pure Booth cattle were more extensively used amongst our herds there would have been little, if any, cause for advocating the adoption of Herefords on the score of greater hardiness. Viewing the matter from every standpoint, an impartial onlooker can hardly fail to arrive at the following conclusions:—If the object to be aimed at is the mere breeding of stud cattle for sale as such, a person would do well to adopt one or other of the most fashionable Bates tribes. If his object is breeding and grazing combined—*i. e.*, breeding stud stock for the use of his own herd, then I submit the evidence is decidedly in favor of the Booths."—*Thoroughbred Stock Journal, Phila., Pa.*

The Dispensary.

FRENCH IMPROVEMENT OF BLISTERS.—A new form of blister has been introduced in France, the advantage of which consists in affording to the physician a greater variety of choice in degree and kind of vesication and also in the ready-made blister being preserved in better condition than is usually the case. The plan is to spread a thin layer of ordinary blistering cerate upon strong, thin unsized paper and cover it with the same. The vesicating layer is about one and a half millimeters in thickness, and one of its surfaces is camphorated. When using this blister its outline is marked upon the paper covering it; it is then cut off and applied to the part by means of a piece of adhesive plaster. The covering paper is readily removed, both from the plain and camphorated side, by means of a wet sponge.

TREATMENT OF EXCESSIVE SWEATING.—Dr. Currie states, in the *Medicol Review*, that for thirty years he has prescribed, without a single failure, in sweats, from whatever cause, alcohol and sulphate of quinine; that is, to wet a small sponge with it and bathe the body and limbs, a small surface at a time, care being taken not to expose the body to a draft of air. In one case a neighboring physician was poisoned while dressing a mortified finger, suffering untold misery, being drenched with perspiration for a number of days, and his life despaired of. On being bathed in the above solution, repeated twice in two hours, all perspiration stopped with the third application, and convalescence began at once

Fun in Leadville.

A small party of young men were standing on a street corner the other evening. They were curiously examining a bugle belonging to one of them, and as a stranger came along an animated discussion arose. "I wish I could play on it," said one. "Play on it!" exclaimed another. "I wish I could make a noise on it." "It's a pretty hard thing to do," observed a third, "if you haven't got the hang of the thing just right." "Hard thing to do!" chimed in the stranger, halting and regarding the party with evident contempt; "why, I could blow a bugle before I was a foot high." "Well, some bugles are different from others," said the young men. "Gimme that bugle," said the stranger excitedly. It was immediately handed to him, and putting it to his lips he made one trial trip. There was a subdued splutter, and the stranger began a kind of war-dance, at the same time holding his mouth in both hands. "Great Cleopatra's needle!" he yelled, with tears streaming from his eyes. "Who in thunder filled that mouthpiece with cayenne pepper. I'm small, gentlemen, light and fragile, but I can lick the man who peppered the horn."

About Games.

There are many points of extreme utility about well-bred games, and one of the most valuable of these is the vigor with which a game hen will defend her young chickens against all comers, generally with signal success. "Tegetmier," the English poultry writer, is authority for the following anecdote:

"Not a doubt presents itself to my own mind that, viewed exclusively for their actual merits, unincumbered by the caprice of poultry fashion or individual prejudices, Game fowls are the most strikingly beautiful of any among the very numerous varieties of domestic poultry. Among any of the truly bred fowls of this variety, the superiority of gait and general contour strikes the eye of parties even the most indifferent and uninterested; and from this cause I have almost universally noticed that the avenues appropriated to the Games at our poultry shows are those most commonly thronged by visitors.

In situations where a free, unlimited range can be tolerated, there is not a doubt that Game fowls will take care of themselves and their progeny more successfully than any other kind of poultry. Accidents of any kind where these advantages exist rarely occur; as of all poultry none are more vigilant in avoiding dangers, nor, again, so capable of repelling aggression, and many are the instances that recall themselves to my memory of cases in which powerful adversaries have found a retreat suddenly forced upon them; or, if persisting in their attacks have at length been laid prostrate and powerless in the field, despite of the superior strength that was relied on for ensuring a very different issue. I will simply refer to a couple of such incidents, where prowess alone carried the day, and also where the odds were vastly in favor of the assailant.

"In a very rural part of Derbyshire, some ten or eleven years back, a Black-breasted Red Game cock (only a small bird, in weight about four pounds two or three ounces) was walked with three or four good hens, and one of which had some chickens running with her, about a fortnight old. These latter were enjoying themselves in rather an exposed situation in the windward of some heather. A hawk, that was on the wing outlooking for the first prey that might offer, espied them, and, without the slightest warning, dashed violently at one of the chicks that had strayed fartherest from its protector. The hen, however, instantly espied the coming danger, and flew, regardless altogether of self preservation, to the rescue. This first effort of the dauntless mother certainly saved the chicken, and drew the attention of the hawk more especially to herself. At this instant the cock, that was some twenty yards off, attracted by the outcries of his mate, went valiantly to the encounter, and on first meeting his unusual foe, was unfortunately clutched by the wing with one or both feet of the hawk, nor could the quickly repeated efforts of the hawk disengage itself. Although laboring under so material a disadvantage, he still fought on, and, the result proved, successfully.

"It was an up-and-down fight, sometimes the cock, at others the hawk, appearing to have the advantage; feathers flew around the combatants, and our eyewitness ran rapidly to the spot, in the hope to prevent the escape of the intruder. No services whatever on his part were required, as before he reached them victory had favored our gallant hero. The hawk had received a blow from the spur of the cock, which, it should be borne in mind, was simply the natural one; it had entirely destroyed the right eye, and bursting through the skull at the back of it, penetrated the brain, so that death ensued instantaneously as by a gunshot. It was with difficulty the spur could be disengaged, and the tenacious grasp of the hawk was maintained even in death. The cock proved but triflingly injured by the *melee*.

"The second instance was not, as above, a casual occurrence, but was premeditated by a couple of friends of mine, not only as a test of the dauntless valor of a Game hen, but to teach a useful and admonitory lesson to an intruder, whose fondness for chickens had aided a somewhat extravagant item to the losses of a notorious poultry amateur, and that, too, among chickens of high merit and considerable pecuniary value.

"It seems that a large cat had for many weeks been making daily incursions, and had succeeded not only in taking a chicken at every visit, but had likewise very seriously maltreated the old hens on three different occasions. They were Cochins, and had become so alarmed by the frequent repetitions of these inroads as to scarcely make any attempt at protecting their chickens; and consequently the cat had increased in audacity daily. It was under these depressing circumstances that a brother amateur volunteered a 'certain cure,' if he were allowed unrestrained liberty as to all the means adopted—a proviso most cheerfully permitted. Having cooped up the fow both chickens and parent birds, that u ually had sole possession of the yard, he produced a most beautiful Game hen and chickens, the latter not more than three or four days old, and the hen being armed with a pair of steel spurs, somewhat shorter than those used in the cock-pit, but well suited for the purpose intended; and, being naturally a spurred hen, they were easily and firmly attached. The lot being placed at freedom in the yard, the hen, from all around being strange, was necessarily restless, and the chickens equally noisy.

Grimalkin, with stealthy pace, was soon seen crouching along a wall about nine feet high; the hen unfortunately at this moment had flown into the body of a covered cart, that prevented any possibility of her seeing the threatened danger. A spring from the wall placed puss in the possession of the nearest chicken, and all the spectators thought certainly one youngster was irretrievably forfeited to the experiment; but the idea was erroneous, with a shriek the hen flew headlong at the enemy of her brood. Puss seemed but little concerned at her fury, as the impunity with which she had faced other hens seemed rather to inspire her with confidence, all but amounting to imperturbability.

"Perceiving the coming attack, the cat loosed the chicken from her mouth, but instantaneously placed one foot upon it; and with hair erect looked defiantly, while a few deeply-drawn breathings at the window told how anxiously the lookers-on speculated as to the result. The Cochins, poor, heavy, domesticated dames, had always proved slow in their motions, and their efforts were easily avoided.

Not so now; a blow the eye could scarcely follow, and a scream most dissimilar to the noise from anything feline, gave evidence that the contest was not so very unequal as it appeared to be. Two or three blows, in the most rapid succession possible made retreat evidently the only way that remained to the cat of making the best of an unlucky speculation; still, with an obduracy most remarkable, she once more seized the chicken with her mouth and sprang with it upon the wall. Nevertheless, bravery carried the day—the hen proved close to her heels, and another double rap brought both antagonists headlong to the ground. The cat then loosed the chicken, bolted to another less exposed outlet, and the hen quickly commenced her muster-roll, which embraced the whole of her progeny, and none were injured, the hen herself escaping literally without a scratch; although her artificial helps were besmeared with gore. Some half year afterwards, I heard on inquiry that a longing, lingering look was still frequently indulged in by the aggressor, but always from afar—the cure was a certain one."—*The Poultry and Farm Journal.*

Valuable Bluebirds.

J. F. Ellington, of Palmetto, is one of Georgia's successful fruit raisers. He has about 1000 trees. Mr. Ellington destroys the worms, which have been such a drawback to peach orchards, in a novel and interesting way, and one that will be of great interest to all fruit growers. All over his orchard are old gourds, boxes, cans, etc., placed on stumps, fences and trees. These are the homes of the worm destroyers, and they are the little bluebirds, which are so numerous in our State. For five years he has been petting and raising these little birds, and to-day he has about 500. He prizes them so highly that he will prosecute any one killing them as quick as he would for killing one of his pigs. They do their work so effectually that he is troubled very little with worms. The bluebird eats nothing but worms, and can whip the English sparrow.

Practicing Oratory on Inanimate Objects.

A law student is reported to have been laughed out of Lafayette, Ind., because detected in the act of airing his eloquence to his father's wood-pile. As if there were anything to be ashamed of in this sort of practice, or a man could be perfect in any gift without exercising it. Henry M. Brackenridge, in his very interesting "Recollections," mentions the fact that when he first came to the bar in Baltimore, in 1808 and succeeding years, it was his custom to cross over to "Whetstone Point" (the busiest part of Locust Point to-day), and there exercise himself in declamation under the shelter of some tall hedgerows. One day, as he was entering his bosky dell, he found someone speaking in advance of him, and, approaching with precaution, found the great William Pinkney rehearsing with care every point, sentence and gesture of a speech which, next day, he delivered in court as impromptu. Pinkney was at this time in the zenith of his fame—the only American lawyer with an European reputation—and he owed his great distinction to his assiduous labor and practice.

Excavations in Rome.

The work accomplished so far is a good earnest of what we may look forward to enjoying when the Palatine and the Forum—the area within which the whole history of Rome centered and can be studied—are excavated as completely as the remains of Pompeii, cared for with the same scientific discernment, and placed, as what is left of that ancient city is, open to the easy comprehension of the most simple. What is seen at Pompeii is seen completely and can be understood. What is visible of the Palace of the Cæsars and other remains on the Palatine and of the Forum, can only be seen by looking, as I have said, into a number of separate holes, and when seen can only be imperfectly understood after infinite puzzling. The educational value of these excavations will be apparent to all when it is remembered that the locality teems with memories, traditional and historical, vague and precise, from the days when the massive stones of that primitive wall of fortifications—whether built by Romulus, to whom it is attributed, or by some other—of which we have remains on the Palatine, were laid together to those when the colossal palace of the Cæsars, as compared with which the Vatican, with its 11,000 rooms, would afford but scanty accommodation, lay buried under a cabbage garden, and the very name of the Forum, the heart and centre of the great Roman Empire, was comparatively lost in that of "the cowfield."

Twelve years ago the question of the very direction of the Forum—did it extend from north to south toward the Arch of Titus, or from east to west toward the Circus Maximus?—was still a matter of controversy. Certainly they were few who continued to hold to the latter theory, but clear as the case appeared to the majority, there was then no visible evidence they could put forward as decisive. The rest of the world looked upon them as mere archæological controversionalists like the minority, and what they taught afforded no solid basis of instruction. Ten months ago no one could prove which of the two streets running along the Forum was the Sacra Via, and the theories as to its course were many.

The difficulty has not yet been set at rest to the satisfaction of all, but the weight of authority is agreed that the excavations made last spring revealed the exact line of the celebrated street "glorified by a hundred victories," and the removal of comparatively a few more square metres of rubbish will settle the question forever. There are, with one or two unimportant exceptions only, no longer any doubts as to the names of the temples and other remains standing on the uncovered portion of the Forum. No one disputes the fact that we can point with certainty to the ruins of the Temple which Augustus built on the spot where the body of "great Julius" was burned, and to many other historic sites; but all this is still but limited educational value, for bewildering controversy is rife—and will continue so until the whole area is cleaned—as to where the Comitum, the Orecostasis, the other Rostra, and many more important details were situated. The excavations on the Palatine have also given most valuable results.

The general topography of the greater part of the Imperial Palace, and a few of the spots where events connected with the lives and the deaths of some of the Cæsars occurred, have been ascertained beyond dispute. We can look with certainly on portions of the edifices built by Tiberius, Caligula, Domitian and Septimus Severus. We know exactly where the remains of those built by Augustus and others are lying buried. We can walk along the gallery where Caligula was murdered, and picture the scene described with such graphic power by Svetonius, and especially by Josephus; but these are so far only detached facts, with no connecting links visible, and may well be likened to a few lines of a palmpset deciphered here and there, while all the rest lies hidden beneath the work of later hands. It is not so long ago that the lines in which Statius mentions the colossal equestrian statue of Domitian on the Forum and the edifices around it were spoken of as "a stumbling-block rather than an auxiliary to antiquaries."

Now we can stand upon the wreck of the pedestal of that colossus, and look upon the remains of these edifices situated exactly as Statius describes them. We can now take that hitherto most obscure passage in Plautus, where the Choregus, in the first scene of the fourth act of Curculio describes the busy life of the Forum, and see nearly every point exactly as he mentions it, and it requires but little imagination to fill up the picture.

The excavations in progress will soon reveal the spot behind the Temple of Castor where he reminded his contemporaries they might unguardedly lose their money. In like manner, when they are completed, we shall be able to tread, step by step, the route Ovid took ("Trist" III., 1., 27) from the Forum of Cæsar [illegible] e Palatine, and recognize the buildings and sites he tells us that he passed; that Otho followed when he suddenly left Galba sacrificing in the Temple of Apollo, and hurried through the Palace of Tiberius to the Velabrum, and thence to the Golden Milestone, near the Temple of Saturn, and all the other localities, both within the palace and on the Forum Tacitus and Suetonius mention with such topographical exactness in their records of the tragic death of Galba; that along which Cicero hastened, after Fulvia's warning, from his house on the corner of the Palatine, and convoked the Senate to meet him in the Temple of Jupiter Stator—the same spot where Romulus centuries before had rallied his Romans, and close to where their Sabine wives rushed from the Palatine down among the combatants. These are but three or four of the long list of indications from the pages of contemporary writers I might quote, each one a bit of clear topographical description, like a fragment of the plan of a stage upon which the great drama of Roman history was played. The clearing away of all the accumulation and rubbish lying upon it, like, as I have said, the later writing or a palimpsest, will enable us to put those bits together, to localize with exactness the scenes historians and other writers have described, and make it possible to study the events of Roman history as it has never been studied before, on the very spots and within the remains of the very walls where they were enacted.

Must be in the Fashion.

Sateen suits are very popular.

Shingled front hair is all the rage.

Chicken-down yellow is the latest.

The palm-leaf is a favorite design in embroidery.

Fashionable gentlemen wear black silk hose for full dress.

Yellow and dull red are the prevailing colors for millinery.

The Sheer wool, called nun's veiling, is more popular each season.

The fancy for yellow has brought topazes and amber into fashion.

Shirts with pique bosoms are worn by gentlemen for evening dress.

Flower necklets or dog collars are a pretty novelty for evening wear.

Talmas of jet-beaded grenadine appear among midsummer wraps.

Tucks on skirts, draperies, sleeves and corsages are very fashionable.

Alicante brown and Soldat red are popular new shades of these colors.

Lustre paintings on fabrics for room decoration is becoming fashionable.

Gold thistles and gold burrs are the latest millinery and hair ornaments.

Neck ribbons an inch wide are worn again but mostly with linen collars.

Amber, topaz, and all yellow stones are in vogue for ornamental jewelry.

The latest fancy in gentleman's handkerchiefs is to have very narrow hem.

Strawberry velvet trims white costumes of cashmere and vigogue and nun's-veiling.

Large black lace fichus will be worn in place of mantles with midsummer dresses.

Large leghorn flats are less pulled out of shape than formerly, and now droop in back and front.

Narrow ribbons are tied about the neck in long loops. Pale yellow ribbon is liked for both white and black dresses.

A spring novelty is a parasol so adorned upon the edge with lace and flowers, that it forms a bouquet when closed.

Large shawls of white mull embroidered on the edges and in the corners will be much worn with midsummer toilets.

Colored silk mitts are embroidered in self-colors across the hands, the wrist and on the top which reaches to the elbow.

Fashionable hose come in black, in colors, plain and striped, in silk, filoselle, or cotton, accordance to the elegance of the toilets.

Young ladies' nuns'-veiling dresses have gimps of velvet set in with a point back and front, and a high puff of velvet on each shoulder.

A Parisian collar shows a velvet band ruched with several rows of lace. The fall is of lace and net, and is secured with a fancy pin.

The most fashionable stockings are of black, strawberry or primrose, silk or lisle, in monochrome; stripes and checks being only second in popularity.

Little folks are wearing Marseilles round hats, straw pokes, and flats, for sun hats—embroidered mull or close bonnets made of Irish point embroidery for best.

Black Spanish lace costumes are imported with red or yellow satin linings. The bright strawberry-red shades are used for these, and are repeated in the bonnet, parasol and fan.

The newest aigrettes for hats and bonnets are composed of circlets of drooping, colored hackle feathers, with an "esprit" rising up from the centre. They fit well into the straw or trimming.

Am I my Brother's Keeper?

I put my head yesterday morning into one of the filthiest rooms I ever saw in my life. That black and stinking hole was the "home" of eight people—father and mother and six children. The floor was all broken away round the hearthstone, and the woman who was there with three or four of her children complained bitterly that the wind came up ready to take the skin off their legs, while they had some difficulty in keeping the fire-grate from tumbling forward into the room. The ceiling was nearly as black as the floor, and there was a great hole in it. That, the woman explained, was where the leg of the tenant upstairs had come through one day. I could not get into the room above, but on the top floor was another indescribably filthy place, in which were a little old woman and two children, one of the poor little things with a swollen face. There were damp clothes hanging across the room, and the sickening smell of them, and the gusts of smoke puffing out from the handful of coal in the grate, together with the general foulness of the place, combined to make up an atmosphere disgusting in the extreme. I suggested that the window should be opened a little. "Well, I do open it now and again," said the woman, "but it comes in uncommon cold with a cup o' tea," and as she spoke she pulled open the attic window, nearly half of which was patched over with brown paper. The thing opened like a barn door, and let in a hurricane of wind which made the poor child with a swollen face huddle up to the firegrate and shiver visibly. The poor creature seemed to have no choice but between sickening foulness and biting cold.

There was a row of houses all very much in the same condition as this one, the rooms of which I have been describing, and which is but a sample of neighborhoods such as may be found all over London—there were plenty of such houses as these within gunshot. Yet, for every room in these houses the rent averaged 2s. 10d. a week—not a very large sum, it may be thought. It is very likely, though, that the reader of this may be living in a house in perfect repair, thoroughly comfortable and convenient, with a good bath-room and a garden and a conservatory at the back, and may be paying for if all at a lower rate per room than these poor people are paying for their broken walls and leaky roofs, rotten floors, pestilential stenches, filth and vermin. Two and tenpence a week per room means a rent of over £70 per year for a ten-roomed house, and room for room, it is very nearly three times as much as the Improved Industrial Dwellings Company are charging at the East-end of London for tenements, thoroughly sound, healthy and comfortable. Bearing this in mind, it is nothing short of exasperating to go from room to room among these poor helpless mortals, and hear their complaints.

"Not a bit of fastening on this door," said more than one tenant in this row of houses I have been describing, "and at night we have to pile up chairs and things to keep the door shut." "That piece of ceiling came down and nearly blinded us one night when we were in bed," complained another, a poor woman who seemed very grateful for a little hearing of her grievances. "I've always paid my rent regular," she said, "and I do assure you, sir, I've sometimes paid it when I have been so put to that my children have had to go without a bit o' Sunday's dinner, and it's cruel hard that we can't have the places kept a bit decent to live in. I went to clean that window the other day, and the glass fell out as I was a-rubbing it. And look at this floor, all in holes."

And it was the same dreary, dismal story all the way through—filth, ruinous neglect, discomfort everywhere and everywhere the same bitter demand: "What's poor people to do?" "God help the poor!" broke out one woman. "What's the good o' their trying to be a bit decent? I want to get out o' this; and I've been looking out for weeks for a place, and can't get one anywhere. There ain't places to be had, and the landlords knows it, and treats 'e just anyhow. If you grumbles at your place or your rent, they tells you if you don't like it you can suit yourself somewhere else. That's all the good you gets by it."—*London Ex.*

A long time ago a celebrated preacher delivered a discourse on the text "He giveth his beloved sleep." Observing that a large number of his hearers were nodding their heads he suddenly stopped and said, "Brethren, it is hard to realize the unbounded love which the Lord appears to have for a large portion of this congregation."

Blakie & Co.'s mill, at Amesbury, Mass., was struck by lightning and burned. Loss probably $100,000. Two hundred persons were employed in the mill.

All Sorts.

The Boston Theological Library has 13,000 books which it freely lends to ministers and others who want to take them home, even to distant places. The property of this library is valued at $55,000.

Will you wholly abstain from the use of tobacco? is a question now asked of each candidate for the Methodist ministry. An affirmative answer is required, with no drawbacks, conditions or mental reservations.

The great Mormon temple at Manti stands on the broad platform of a majestic hilltop. The sides of the hill are terraced and in part finished with walls of massive masonry. The building is 100 feet long and ninety broad.

Geistlich Rath Daisenberger, the Benedictine monk who was the chief author of the Passion Play as performed at Ober-Ammergau, is dead. He was a skilled and enthusiastic musician, and wrote a number of religious dramas.

The cornet player in a Baptist church played "Pull for the Shore," when some new converts were baptized by immersion. Some of the church folks thought he meant it for an act of irreverence. He said he did not so intend it, yet he lost his position all the same.

Her father stood at the gate talking with a gentleman, and a seven-year-old miss threw out several hints about supper being ready without success At length, anxious and impatient, she called out from the side stoop: "Pape, if you don't come right in to supper the ice cream will all get cold!

A pig would seem the best subject for medical students to experiment on, as he could be killed first and cured afterwards.

"Miss Rebecca, may I see you home?" asked the verdant and bashful Jeremiah, at the prayer meeting. "I guess so," responded Rebecca, "but can't you see me here?" The idea seemed good to Jeremiah and the two saw their way clear to the ice-cream saloon not far from the church.

Notwithstanding the objections of the Bishop of Gibraltar, the little English church at Monaco has been erected. Its chaplain is the Rev. W. Wright, who believes that he can make it a wholesome restraint on the wickedness of the place. The Bishop's doctrine is that Monaco is hopelessly given over to Satan.

The directory of Milwaukee, about to be issued, shows an increase in population during the past year of 10,000 and a total population of 148,000.

Perhaps the deepest coal mine on the continent is at Potsville, Pa. The shaft is 1,576 feet deep—nearly a third of a mile. Every day during the busy season 200 cars, containing four tons each, are sent from below to the upper world, the time of each trip being a little over a minute.

—The Elko (Nev.) *Independent* mentions that James Dewar, while riding on the Hunter ranch, lately, was pursued by a stallion, which overtook him and, though stoutly assailed, dragged him from the saddle, shook him as a terrier would a rat and then galloped away. He is not dangerously injured.

—A young man of Macon, while camping out with a party of friends, was heard to exclaim in his sleep:—"For Heaven's sake, stand aside, that picture will kill you!" It was afterwards ascertained that his sweetheart at about the same time narrowly escaped being killed by a falling picture under which she was standing at her home.

The large library of the late Bishop Kerfoot, of Pittsburg, has been placed in the hands of trustees as the nucleus for an Episcopal library for the diocese. Bishop Kerfoot's successor is president of the board. The books have been catalogued and a librarian now has charge of them Donations of more books will be acceptable.

The Methodist Episcopal general conference is to meet in Philadelphia in May next. The committee having the preparations in charge has done wisely in renting Association Hall for the sessions of the conference, instead of resorting to a theatre or other worldly edifice. The great lights of Methodism will be present, and much important business is to be transacted.

The work of the Rev. J. M. Pendleton D. D., as pastor of the Upland Baptist Church, Chester, was eminently successful from its beginning, which was eighteen years ago. It has now come to a conclusion by his resignation, which his congregation reluctantly accept. Dr. Pendleton is seventy-two years old, and has a right to spend the remainder of his days in honorable rest from pastoral labor.

It is related that the first man was tempted by the first woman; but there has been no occasion for such temptation since. Man, brought to knowledge has been entirely able and willing to keep up with the procession where sin is going on.

Opportunity to Outlive it.

A great deal has been said lately on the subject of "Ruined Girls," by the papers all over the country, and strong ground is taken against os racising one who, with a little encouragement, might, and would, outlive her sin and live a respectable life. On this old but interesting subject the Columbus Bohemian's "Bohemian" has something to say which will be recognized as sensible and true: "I think it high time that this thing of recognizing a girl as ruined because she has committed a single mistake is ended. This Christian world allows any young man a chance to redeem himself even after he has committed blunder after blunder, and has deliberately sinned again and again, but a girl who has made one single mistake of the heart is ruined and literally damned forever. This is not right—not as it should be—not as it will be when we become true followers of the great and good teacher, Jesus Christ. A girl should be given the same opportunities to outlive a sin committed by her as her stronger brother has, and until she has these opportunities granted she cannot be recognized as the equal of her brother. Why the girl, who is the weakest of the two, should be ruined and branded as such for having committed a single mistake, while her brother who is stronger and well able to take care of himself should be forgiven and again taken up by society, is something I cannot understand. I think if some of our preachers, teachers and parents would, for the time being, give the heathen in distant lands a rest and devote some of their spare time to the alleged ruined girls in our cities, teach these girls that there is a future worth living for, show them how to live right and give them the necessary encouragement to do something, that society would be better for it and our confidence in each other far stronger than it is at present. Any man who has committed a sin and has outlived that sin, yet is willing to brand and condemn a woman for having committed the same sin, is a coward and a cur of the meanest type. This is plain talk but it is gospel truth all the same."—*Peck's Sun.*

Use of an Enemy.

Always keep an enemy on hand, a brisk, hearty, active enemy. Remark the use of an enemy:

1. The having of one is proof that you are somebody. Wishy-Washy, empty, worthless people never have enemies. Men who never move never run aganist anything; and when a man is thoroughly dead and utterly buried, nothing ever runs against him.

2. An enemy is, to say the least, not partial to you. He will not flatter you. He will not exaggerate your virtues. It is very probable that he will slightly magnify your faults. The benefit of that is two-fold. It permits you to know that you have faults, and are, therefore, not a monster; and it makes them of such size as to be visible and manageable.

3. In addition, your enemy, keeps you wide awake. He does not let you sleep at your post. There are two that always watch, namely, the lover and the hater. Your lover watches that you may sleep. He keeps off noises, excludes light, adjust surroundings that nothing may disturb you. Your hater watches that you may not sleep. He stirs you up when you are napping. He keeps your faculties on the alert. Even when he does nothing he will have put you in such state of mind that you cannot tell what he will do next.

4. He is a detective among your friends. You need not know who your friends are, and who are not, and who are your enemies. When your enemy goes to one who is neither friend nor enemy, and assails you, the indifferent one will have nothing to say, or chime in, not because he is your enemy, but because it is so much easier to assent than to oppose, and especially than to refute. But a friend will take up cudgels for you on the instant. He will deny everything and insist on proof, and proving is very hard work.

Religious Sentiment.

No one knows the weight of another's burden.

No man is more miserable than he that hath no adversity.

An effort made for the comfort of others lifts us above ourselves.

Peace is better than joy. Joy is an uneasy guest, and is always on tip-toe to depart. It tries and wears us out and yet keeps us ever fearing that the next moment it will be gone. Peace is not so. It comes more quietly, it stays more contentedly, and it never exhausts our strength, nor give one anxious, forecasting thought.

AN ELOQUENT PASSAGE.—It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding place. It cannot be that our life is a bubble, cast upon the ocean of eternity to float a moment upon its waves and sink into nothingness. Else, why these high and glorious aspirations which leap like angels from the glorious temple of our heart, forever wandering unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and clouds come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off to muse on their loveliness? Why is it that stars which hold festival around the midnight throne, are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And finally, why is it that the bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our hearts? We were born for a higher destiny than earth. There is a calm where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will be spread out before us like islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beautiful beings that pass before us like shadows, will stay forever in our presence.—*George D. Prentice.*

The Use and Abuse of Bathing.

Dr. Dudley A. Sargent, medical director of the Union Gymnasium, gave the fourth of his talks of physical training at the Union Hall last week, taking for his subject: "Bathing; its Uses and Abuses." He gave special rules for bathing as follows: "A warm bath, with liberal use of castile soap, is best for cleanliness and night the best time. Twice a week is often enough. Too frequent warm baths debilitate the system. A cool sponge or wet cloth bath should be taken daily for its tonic effect, and always in a warm room. If strong and vigorous the best time is the morning; if not strong, the cold bath had better be omitted and the tepid substituted. After exercise, if greatly fatigued, take no bath, but rub down vigorously with a dry towel. If thoroughly warmed up but not tired, take a tepid sponge bath standing. Never take a tub bath except when bathing for cleanliness. A warm shower bath followed by a cool sprinkling is preferable to a cold bath after exercise. Vigorous exercise renders Turkish and hot baths unnecessary; those should be reserved for medical cases. Skin disorders are frequently caused by excessive bathing and the use of too much soap. Although general rules for bathing could be given, every man should be guided by his own physical condition and his occupation."—*Home News, Bryn Mawr, Pa.*

The Rights of Bicyclists.

WASHINGTON, July 3.—In the case of Thomas D. Chapman, charged with deliberately driving over a young man riding a bicycle, upsetting the rider and ruining the bicycle, Judge Snell to-day fined Chapman $10 for assault. In imposing the fine the Judge said that in the eyes of the law a bicycle is a carriage, having, in common with other carriages, equal rights to the streets and highways, protected by the same laws, and their riders are amenable to the same road laws governing the drivers of other vehicles. The decision was also given that, while the law defines exactly how carriages (or bicycles) shall pass each other in an opposite direction, in passing in the same direction it is allowable to pass upon either side which offers the least obstruction or gives the most open way, and, after the carriage or bicycle behind has indicated the course by starting upon it, the carriage in front must not obstruct the way. When a man driving a team turns out of his course to obstruct the course of a bicycle he does so at his peril. Where the way was open upon both sides, usage, however, requires that the party in the rear desiring to pass shall do so on the left.

What He Kicks At.

"Oh, I don't kick on the accommodations in a sleeping-car, and it is cheap enough. I have heard jokes a million times about sleeping-car pillows getting lost in a man's ear, but I always found the pillow big enough. I have heard people complain about blankets being too short at both ends, but the blankets are all right, and you can get an extra one or a dozen by asking for them. What I kick against is Pullman's using a colored man as a thermometer in a car. He takes a colored man who has been brought up in New Orleans, for instance, and puts him on a car up North here, and the human barometer will make the temperature of the car as near that of New Orleans as possible. He will get the heat up to a hundred, and we thrash around and kick off the clothes and roast, and that colored man will sit by the stove with the fever and ague. You tell him to open a ventilator, and he goes and opens the draft of stove."

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED KURTZ, . . . Editor

CENTRE HALL, PA., July 26, 1883.

—The vetoes of Gov. Pattison have already saved the State $160,000, without saying anything about their future benefits. That is a better record than can be shown by most Governors in the first six months of their terms.

The third annual re-union of the Soldiers' Orphan "Sixteeners" of this State will be held in the Opera House Altoona Pa., Aug. 15th, 16th and 17th, 1883. Reduced railroad rates at two cents a mile can be procured by order only. Maj. H. F. Spicer, 23d and Parish Sts., Phila., has exclusive charge of the issuing of the orders, and requests that the orders be sent for before Aug. 10th. When sending for R. R. orders, state over what road or branch you wish to travel.

Harper's Magazine for August has been received, and contains several articles which makes it valuable, among which will be found "The Heart of the Alleghenies," "American Horses," "The German Crown Prince," "War Picture in Times of Peace," "The British Yoke," ect. Address Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square, New York. The subscription price of the magazine is $4 a year.

The railroad building fever is not over yet. This time it strikes the Philadelphia and Reading, for Reilly and Nolan have received a contract from that company to build a three-mile branch from the intersection of the Catawissa road at Milton junction, through the town of Milton to Watsontown. This new branch is to be built for the accommodation of manufacturers, where there has been no competition heretofore, and will no doubt cut deeply into the local trade of the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad.

THE MILROY MURDER.

The blow which Alexander received was along the right side of the head, just behind the ear, and although the attending physicians say that the skull at this point is a quarter of an inch thick, it was chrushed in causing concussion of the brain and consequently death. The *Free Press* to day publishes an extra giving the particulars of the murder. In an interview with John Longwell, the owner of the farm, it was learned that as he was going up the road to the farm he noticed a man coming over the hill. When he got closer to him he saw it was Reed Alexander. Before he got to him he noticed Alexander going to the side of the road and sitting down. He went up to him and said "Why Reed what is the matter?" Reed replied that Sam Longwell hit him on the head with a rail. He said he and Sam had had a fight and that if Sam hadn't hit him with a rail he would have contended with him. Shortly after he commenced vomiting and threw up a great deal. He then got up and started down the road, Mr. Longwell going with him. When he had proceeded about fifty yards further he again sat down, saying he could go no farther and that he felt dizzy about his head. Mr. Longwell took him down to the bars and called to Geo. W. Fleck, who was at Mr. Longwell's house, to come over. They then carried him to the house. Upon reaching the house Mr. Longwell asked Alexander if he hadn't better go for a doctor whereupon the injured man replied in a feeble tone that "There was no use," and immediately became unconscious. Mr. Longwell says that after they got Alexander to the house he again began vomiting, and threw up some blood. He also bled at the nose. He was placed upon a bed and put into Mr. Longwell's spring wagon and conveyed to his home in Milroy, and Drs. A. S. Harshberger and Maclay were summoned, but medical aid was of no avail, and he breathed his last at half-past nine o'clock. Mr. Longwell says he never gave Alexander or anybody else permission to go on his land to gather berries.

THE MURDERER'S STATEMENT.

The murderer was seen in jail and had no hesitancy in giving an account of the affair. He says he was out along the fence gathering berries about 6 o'clock, when Alexander came out and began picking a few steps ahead of him on the opposite side of the fence. As Alexander passed him he began sneering at him, when Longwell remarked that "if he (Alexander) would pay him that little money he owned him, and return the crock he loaned him they would be square, that is they would have no further dealings." Thereupon Alexander struck at him over the fence, Longwell dodging the blow. Alexander then jumped upon the fence for the purpose of going over into the field, when one of the rails broke, and he fell with his head on the side of the fence where Longwell was standing. While in this position Longwell took the broken rail and struck him on the head, felling him to the ground. Alexander got up and started across the road. Longwell jumped over the fence into the road after him, and downing him, caught him by the throat and choaked him until he promised that in the future he would let him alone. When Alexander was down Longwell says he did not strike him, only choked him. Alexander then got up and crossing the road picked up his bucket and started away. Longwell after picking a few more berries went to his home, supposing that Alexander was not seriously hurt, and did not know to the contrary until Constable Close came to his house to make the arrest about half-past one o'clock. He says he did the deed in self defence; that if he had not done what he did Alexander would likely given him a severe whipping, as he was a much larger man. One day last week Alexander in company with his wife and mother, was picking berries on the premises, when he was ordered off by Longwell; he refused to go and they had quite an altercation, and but for the presence of the women would have come to blows.

An effort will be made to have Longwell released on bail. The excitement last night was intense and an angry mob followed the officers having the prisoner in charge to the jail. He was put in he back way.

AN ABSURD RESOLUTION.

The second plank in the platform adopted by the Republican State Convention at Harrisburg last week, is one of the most remarkable declarations ever incorporated into any political platform. Here it is:

"That any surplus in the public treasury arising from a redundant revenue, should, after paying the national debt as fast as its conditions permit, be distributed from time to time to the several states upon the basis of population, to relieve them from the burdens of local taxation and provide ample means for the education of their people."

The Spanish Cabinet have considered favorably the project of France for the construction of a tunnel under the Strait of Gibraltar.

—Sechler's grocery headquarters for pure table groceries.

Of 1,112 persons who went into bankruptcy within a certain time in Massachusetts, but 15 were farmers. Of 2,500 bankrupts in New York but 46 were farmers. The per cent. of bankrupt farmers in the Western States from 1876 to 1880, was still less than in the East These facts speak well for the safety of the farming business.

'I had 'em all," said a rubicund happy faced gentleman. 'All what?" asked his friend. "Why all the symptoms of malaria viz: lame back, aching joints, sleeplessness, indigestion, dizzy fits cold extremites, rush of blood to the head constant fatigue, no appetite, pains in the breast after eating night sweats alternate chilles and fevers, ect., ect., but Brown's Iron Bitters cured me and I recommend it as being the only perfect tonic made

—Both parties will soon have their nominees in the field, and the campaign will be opened in our state. The business campaign is always agoing at the Philad. Branch, where the rush for cheap clothing keeps up the excitement. No office is tempting to Lewins, he does more good and gte more honor for selling cheap clothing than if he were a congressman or governor.

INFLUENCE OF THE SOIL ON HEALTH.

The influence of the soil upon the health of those living upon it, is brought out very plainly during the prevalence of epidemic diseases. That malarial diseases (like intermittent fevers) originate from the soil, is already excepted; and recent investigations show pretty conclusively that the germs of Cholera, Abdominal Typhus, Yellow Fever, and the plague are in some way connected with the soil, which is daily corroborated by letters from all parts of the country, stating marvelous effects of Peruna on those diseases, and in their own convalscent state. John E. Courtney, of Corry says: I am still getting better, thanks to your Peruna and Manalin. See page 24 in "Ills of Life."

FITS: All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first days use. Marvelous cures. Treaties and $2,00 trial bottles free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 631 Arch St., Philad., Pa. 11june y

GRAHAM & SON,

MANUFACTURERS & DEALERS IN BOOTS, SHOES & LEATHER.

If you want good, honest Boots and Shoes—goods that you will be pleased with—buy the following makes, and you will get the best:

E. C. BURTS'
Celebrated Shoes for Ladies and Children.

HANAN & SON'S,
New York, Fine Shoes for Men and Boys, every pair warranted.

J. H. BYRMES'
Rochester Fine Shoes for Ladies and Children.

In connection with the above fine shoes we have a fine line of
MEN'S CALF & KIP BOOTS,
PLOW SHOES, BROGANS, & SLIPPERS
of every description, at the lowest figures.

Remember the place, on Corner of BROCKERHOFF ROW,
BELLEFONTE, PENN'A.
17may

SECHLERS!
SECHLERS!
SECHLERS!

— NEW GOODS —

Just opened a full line of Choice Family
GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS,
GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS,
Such as
TEAS, COFFEES.
SUGARS, SPICES,
CANNED GOODS,
DRIED FRUITS,
MEATS,
NUTS,
OYSTERS,
FINE CANDIES.
FISH, SYRUPS, ETC.,
Together with
GLASS, CHINA, WOOD AND WILLOW WARE, AND HOUSEHOLD SUPPLIES OF ALL KINDS.
at the lowest living prices. Goods are all newly bought, strictly fresh, and of the very best kind.

MEAT MARKET.

Beef of the choicest cattle, veal, pork and mutton, fresh and always on hand. 30 nov. tf

Drygoods, Groceries, Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Carpets, Provisions, Wooden and Queensware.

PROCLAMATION:

Know all men by these presents that Valentine's Store Co. (Limited) have opened up the finest stores in Central Penn'a. They have always conducted business on the One Price System. It has been noticed of late that others have been trying to follow in their footsteps, from what they understand this is not by any means carried out by those who claim so to do. Their goods, as the public is aware of, have always been marked in PLAIN figures, followers have also sprung up to do this. Valentine's Store Co., Limited, being criterions of how to conduct a successful business, they are happy to lend their ideas for the help of human kind. They do not advertise any special prices, but from reductions made by some houses customers would conclude that the profits before reduction must have been something ENORMOUS. The public will always find Valentine's Store Co's, Limited, goods marked in PLAIN figures to the lowest notch; their prices will compare at the START to the reduced prices made by others. You must always take into consideration that there are more than one quality of goods, (and that good goods are the cheapest). It is generally job or auction goods which are cut in prices. They have recently added to the extensive stock of general merchandise a line of 5 and 10 cent goods, which will well repay a call to see our all manner of USEFUL articles, too numerous to mention, from 5 to 10 cts each. Their special order system is reaching quite a magnitude, and for the benefit of those who require goods which cannot be purchased in Bellefonte they will order either from New York or Philadelphia—will give you this parting admonition: DO NOT FAIL to call upon them; it will repay the visit. They are to be found at Bush's Arcade, Corner of High & Water streets, Bellefonte, where they occupy three store rooms. Always highest prices paid for produce. 28jun y

If you want a
BICYCLE, TRICYCLE,
or a VELOCIPEDE,
SEND TO
H. B. HART,
No. 811 Arch St.
Phila. Pa.,
for a Price list and Catalogue giving full description.
July 18'83

SPRING MILLS
Plaining Mill.

The place to buy your best and cheapest Building Material is of

Jas. S. Krape & Co.,
Spring Mills, Pa.,

who keep all kinds of
FLOORING,
GERMAN, &
SPLIT SIDING,
SURFACE BOARDS,
WINDOW SASHES,
SHUTTERS, BLINDS
&c., &c., &c.

Anything wanted not ready will be furnished on short notice.

MATERIAL OF ALL KINDS ALWAYS KEPT ON HAND.
17may 1y

SPRING OPENING '83.

Having completed shelving and fixing up my goods, I extend a cordial invitation to everybody to come and examine my goods, which consist of Clothing, Men's Furnishing Goods Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, and the best assortment of Trunks and Valises in the county. I haven't $40,000.00 worth of goods, I am sorry to say, but what I have is new and of the latest styles. I have good goods, and some cheap goods. I have some of the very best make of the celebrated Rochester goods. I have them to suit young and old, rich and poor. I will not boast of what I will do, but if you give me a call I will do as I always have done: treat you fair and honest and give you the value of your money, and don't you forget it.

Isaac Guggenheimer,
In New Addition to Bush's Arcade,
BELLEFONTE, PA.

P. S.—A full stock of the best Leather always on hand.

Cash paid for all kinds of hides.
26ap6m

8 acres of John Wanamaker General Store near New City Hall Philadelphia

Lyon & Co's Store.

LIST OF GOODS AT HALF PRICE!

LYON & CO.

3,000 yards Calico, remnants, pieces running from 2 to 8 yards, but a good many pieces of one pattern, no trouble to select enough of one color to finish out a dress, 4c a yard.
136 Men's Fine Wool Hats.....65 to 75 cents, elsewhere $1 25
136 Men's Finest Fur Hats.....1 25 worth 2 00 to 3 00.
Some very Fine Hats among them.
136 pair Men's Dress Shoes.....$1 00, elsewhere $1 75
136 " " Sewed shoes..... 1 00, " 1 75
136 " " Sewed Working Shoes..... 1 00, " 1 75
One lot of Boys' Shoes slightly scuffed, need a little blackning.....85, 90 & 95 cents, cost us 1 25 to 2 00
One small lot Men's Patent Leather Dress Shoes..1 50 worth 2 00
One lot Men's Buckle plow shoes.....1 25

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S SHOES AT ONE HALF PRICE

Ladies' Fine Kid Croquet Walking shoes	75c	elsewhere	$1 50
" " " "	90c	"	1 50
Ladies Plain Shoe	1 00	"	1 50
Ladies Cloth Langtry Walking Shoe	90c	"	1 50
Ladies Fine Newport Walking Shoes	75c	"	1 25
Misse's Oxford Ties	50c	"	1 00
Ladies three strap sandal Walking Shoes	90c	"	1 50
" four button Walking Shoes	90c	"	1 25
Lace Morocco Fine " "	1 00	"	1 50
Ladies Newport Ties	75c	"	1 25
Patent Leather Tip	90c	"	1 65
Child's Yellow Slippers	15c	"	50
" " Button Shoes	45c	"	85
" Basket " "	45c	"	90
" Lace Shoe	30c	"	50
" Button Shoe	40 & 45c	"	60
" Patent Leather Kid Top Button	40c	"	65
" " Spring Heel	49c	"	65
Ladies side lace, one lot, old price	2 00	now	75
Men's fine Patent Leather slippers	65c	elsewhere	1 25
Ladies Leather slippers	50c	"	75
Misses' button shoes	75 & 85c	"	1 25
Ladies " "	1 00 & 125	"	1 50 & 2 00
" box-toe fine kid foxed	1 25	"	2 00
" fine lace shoes	90c	"	1 50
Misses fine button shoes	1 00	"	1 50
Ladies fine lace shoes	1 00	"	1 50
Ladies fine button shoes	75c	"	1 50
Men's plain lace shoes	1 00	"	1 75

MEN'S CLOTHING AT ONE HALF PRICE.

Men's spring bottom black Pants	75c	elsewhere	1 50
" black Pants	75c	"	1 50
" light Cassimere all wool Pants	1 25	"	2 00
" " " " "	2 00	"	4 00
" black all wool Diagonal	2 00	"	4 00
" " " "	3 00	"	4 50
" dark extra heavy all wool very fine Pants	3 50	"	6 00
" ⅔ wool pants gray mixed	1 00		
One lot of wool Pants slightly faded cost us	84 to 85 for 1 50 to 2 00		

ONE LOT OF SUITS ALL WOOL.

One Lot of Dark & Light all Wool Cassimere Suits Marked Down to Cost.
We Are Overstocked.
10 dollar suit down to 7. 11 dollar suit down to 9 50. 16 dollar suit down to 12 50.
8½ dollar suit down to 6¼. Another 8½ dollar suit down to 6¼.
A few black Diagonal Suits at 4 dollars that is just half price. A few nearly all wool black Diagonal 5 dollars, elsewhere 11 dollars. A strictly all wool fine Diagonal Suit 10 dollars elsewhere 15 dollars. Grand Army Blue, very fine all wool 10 dollars, elsewhere 13 dollars.

Boys' and Children's Clothing One-Half Price.

An all wool blue Sailor Suit	1 50	elsewhere	3 00
A very fine blue " "	2 00	"	4 50
A very fine blue " "	3 50	"	6 00
Children's Suits, good quality	1 75	"	2 50
Boys' suits, 10 to 17 years	2 00	"	4 50
Boys' suits, " " all wool	3 00	"	5 00
Boys' suits, " " "	3 50	"	5 50

DRESS GOODS. SHIRTINGS, &c., AT ONE HALF PRICE.

Fine Cheviot shirting		8c	elsewhere 12
Dress Plaids		8, 10, 12	elsewhere 12½ to 20
Bed Spreads at one-half	38, 50, 60, 75	" 75, 90, 1 00, 1 25	
Another lot Brocaded Satteens		16c	elsewhere 30
Another lot Brocaded Sateens		12½c	elsewhere 30
Double Width Alpacas, a few left yet		12½	old price 25

One Lot of Embroideries, about 2,500 Yards, at One-Half Price.
The upper line of prices show what they are actually worth, lower line our reduced prices:

10	12	14	15	20	30	35	45	55	75
5	7	8	10	12½	20	25	30	35	40

One Lot of Crape Sets, Cuffs and Collars 20c, old price 75c.

Everybody Knows by this time that our Ribbons are One-Half of Other's Prices. Sash Ribbons 6 to 8 in. wide 25 to 40c.

Child's regular made Hose..... 6 pair for 25c
One lot of all Silk Colored and Black Sash Ribbon..25c a yd. actual value 75 & 1 00
Child's and Misses Hose..... 4 pair for 25c, elsewhere 10c

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June 28 LYON & CO.

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Office at residence on Church street, opposite Lutheran Church. Will give satisfaction in all branches of his profession. Ether administered. 14sdr

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DRUGGISTS, Bellefonte, Pa.
Dealer In
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Pure Wines and Liquors for medical purposes always kept.

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Free Buss to and from all trains.
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DANIEL PRUTZMAN, BOOT AND SHOEMAKER,
after April 1st will open in the Durst building, when he will be prepared to make to order Boots and Shoes, and do all kinds of repairing. Satisfaction guaranteed, and charges reasonable. He asks a share of the public patronage. 8mar tf

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THE GRANDEST DISCOVERY OF THE AGE!
These Insoles keep the feet dry and warm on the coldest days. Consult your health. Avoid colds, with all their consequent ills, by wearing a pair of WILSONIA MAGNETIC INSOLES. PRICE, 50 CENTS; 5 pairs for $2.00. FREE BY MAIL.
WILSONIA CURES ALL FORMS OF DISEASE.
It has been successful in eighty-five cases in each one hundred. For over three years in England and America these Appliances have been doing a marvelous work among invalids. No medicine required. So-called incurables taken from the hospitals and cured. Chronic invalids restored to the blessing of health. Thousands who have squandered their time, their money and best days experimenting with medicine without success, are to-day enjoying life by having worn Wilsonia. One says: "I would not take $1,000 for what Wilsonia has done for me in one week." Another, "I was paralyzed for five and a half years. Wilsonia cured me in a few months. I would not take $30,000 and be as I was one year ago." Another, "I had rheumatism for twenty-three years, suffering great pain. The Wilsonia Appliances have taken away all the pain, and I can dance like a boy." Another "I had catarrh and deafness and dyspepsia, for many years. Wilsonia has cured me entirely. Words cannot express my gratitude." Give size of shoe, and whether for lady or gentleman. Send price in stamps.
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MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD
And will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take ONE PILL EACH NIGHT FROM ONE TO TWELVE WEEKS, may be restored to sound health, if such a thing is possible. For curing Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. Physicians use them in their practice. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cents in stamps. Send for pamphlet. T. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

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Best In The World. Wheel Rendres and gives the ground Stretcher sent with Harrow. Two harrowings in passing over it once, therefore will do double the work of any other Harrow and save the farmer half his labor

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Penn Harrow is made of the Best White Oak, with Steel Teeth, Well Painted and in every way first-class. Formerly a Harrow was the most unhandy implement on the farm, with our improvements it is the most convenient, and a great saving of time and labor, look to your interest and buy the Penn Harrow. Manufactured only by the

Penn Harrow Manufacturing Co.
Opposite Philadelphia, Pa. Camden, New Jersey.

COMPTON PLACE.

Fair beeches, though your brother trees
In forests stand so proud,
Yet here the fierce winds from the seas
So oft your heads have bowed,
That still, when softer airs prevail,
Your tops seem bending from the gale.

With salt dews from the sea-foam wet,
By many a tempest torn,
Scarred trunks and twisted limbs show yet
What terrors ye have borne;
Nor any years can now undo
What the past years have done to you.

Yet, when the Spring is in the land,
And bright the heaven o'erhead,
In sullen gloom ye will not stand,
Though life's best ho pes be dead;
New leaves break forth from buds unseen,
Till all the wood is clothed in green.

Fair souls, that from your high intent
By bitter fate are barred,
Though past all hopes your lives be bent
And past all healing scarred:
Yet learn of these, to do as they—
Not what ye would, but what ye may!

Sardon the Scout.

In the summer of 1864, I spent a few weeks at the ranch of a friend in California. I scoured much of the surrounding country, partly for exercise, and partly because I was something of a naturalist. In addition to all that, the scenery had a rare charm to me.

"You haven't met Sardon the Scout yet?" my friend asked.

"A character of some note, eh?" I inquired.

"Widely known, at least," was the reply. "An excellent guide, familiar with every foot of the country, and as brave as he is surly. None of us have ever been able to make his acquaintance. A love disappointment soured him, I reckon."

Without just knowing why, I became anxious to meet the scout. I visited the hills more frequently, and at last came upon him.

He was seated upon a broad ledge of rocks; behind him was a cavernous opening; beneath him was a steep precipice, at the bottom of which flowed a noisy, turbulent stream.

He was clad in buckskin, and was leaning upon his rifle, staring absently into the top of the trees which masked the ravine. He had removed his cap, and his heavy, brown hair and bronzed face were fully exposed.

I at once recognized him as a friend of my boyhood, with whose history I was not entirely unacquainted.

He had dropped out of my sight, but not out of my recollection. The recognition brought a thrill of excitement to my veins, and I walked boldly to where he was seated. He turned toward me, his keen glance resenting the intrusion.

"You are Sardon the Scout," I said.

He replied with a scarcely perceptible nod. The half morose, half impatient look deepened on his face.

"Otherwise Ralph Bernon," I said.

I knew how that would rouse him. He glared at me with fierceness, and I saw his hand tighten on the barrel of his rifle.

"Don't you know me?" I asked.

"No," he answered, with suppressed vehemence; "nor do I want to."

I laughed pleasantly, the memory of our old friendship bringing a warm glow to my eyes.

"Not a very hearty welcome," I aid, with a shrug.

"It wasn't meant to be," was the crisp answer.

My self possession seemed to irritate him.

"Is there nothing you want to know?" I significantly asked.

He knew that I was familiar with the story of his earlier life; he understood to what my question verged. His lips tightened, and a gleam of wrath crossed his face.

"Nothing," he surlily rejoined.

"Is the past dead?" I asked.

"I am contented with the present."

"Ralph, whatever they said, Victorine Lamar was true to you."

I spoke with earnest abruptness, and it was like a blow in the face.

He arose, and strode very close to me, his cheek twitching.

"You want me to fling you into the ravine?" he said, an ugly look on his face.

He seemed able and ready to dispose of me in the manner indicated.

"No, Ralph," I rejoined in a conciliating tone. "It's fifty feet down there, isn't it? I consider it safer just where we are. Let the past go."

I flung myself upon the boulder which he had vacated.

He eyed me sharply, the tranquil look slowly returning to his face.

"You are Bates Cunningham," he said.

"Yes, Ralph. Am I changed?"

"A good deal," he replied.

"You don't care to know how I am getting along?"

"No," he replied with a grin. "You studied law, didn't you?

"I studied medicine."

"And graduated?"

He asked that with such sudden interest that my eye. ought his face.

"More than that," was my reply. "I have practiced."

He stared at the ground for a moment.

"Bates, it would be odd if you proved able to serve me," he said.

His voice changed wonderfully, when that spark of geniality touched it.

"I am willing to try," was my answer.

He reflected for half a minute, his hand on his heavy hair.

"Jerome is sick in there," he said, with a fling of his head toward the cavern. "A case of surgery; a miserable cow boy put a ball into his breast."

"Jerome?" I asked. "A friend of yours?"

"A chum; a mere boy—frail, but brave to desperation. Beyond that, I know little about him."

"Shall I enter?"

"Possibly, I might carry him out," the scout rejoined, with a faint sneer. "There's a lamp burning."

The cavern was rudely furnished, and I was surprised to find it so dry. A hanging lamp shed its rays around. The wounded man was reclining upon a couch of skins.

His face was smooth, but almost as bronzed as the scout's; his eyes were closed, and he breathed so lightly that I was not sure, at first, that he was breathing at all.

I touched his forehead, then felt his pulse, neither of which movements awakened him. Undoing his hunting shirt, I thrust my hand inside. I made a discovery that dazed me for a few seconds.

My fingers were clutching a locket. I opened it, and found the scouts picture inside; not as he looked then, but as he appeared the day he graduated with me at Princeton.

A faint moan came to my ears; a pair of soft blue eyes were fixed on my face; a wasted hand reached out for the locket.

"No, Victorine," I whispered.

The change in her face was wonderful to see. It became illuminated.

"Who are you?" she gasped. "You know me and Ralph?"

"Yes."

"Give me the locket," she said in a low, pleading voice. "For the love of Heaven do not let him know. I am dying, and it's too late."

"Oh, there's plenty of life in you," I rejoined. "Victorine, he must know."

"Sir, I beg of you—."

But I was already out of the cavern.

"You found the ball?" the scout asked.

"I did not look for it," I said. "I have no instruments with me. I found this," and I handed him the locket.

When he saw the picture he looked at me with intense astonishment.

"Where?" he asked.

"How long has the man you call Jerome been with you?"

"Almost two years."

"Worthy of your friendship?"

"In every respect."

"Ralph," I slowly said. "you will have to go back into the past, whether you want to or not. This Jerome is a—woman. None other than your old sweetheart, Victorine Lamar."

He stared at me, entirely unnerved. He sat down on the rock, and buried his face in his hands. He could hardly believe it. Not the faintest suspicion had ever crossed his mind. The evidence of devotion touched him deeply. I saw his great chest heave; it was my opportunity.

"Ralph, you were deceived. Her treacherous cousin started the lies and wrought the mischief. May angels and devils curse him! Victorine was true to you to the last."

I told him the story. He listened and was convinced. He almost became like a child under the revelation. At other times so sturdy and reliant, just then he seemed to want to lean upon me for strength.

"She will live?" he gasped.

"She will want to if reconciled to you. Half the cure will be accomplished."

"Bates, save her!" he cried, tightly grasping my hand.

"If possible," was my answer.

Why narrate what followed? I could not describe the tenderness of the interview. I extracted the ball. Victorine Lamar recovered, and became his wife. I met them afterward, at the home of her father, in Connecticut. He was done with his lonely outdoor life, and was once more the genial and confiding friend whose memory I had so much revered.

Describing an Interpreter.

The Indian is a good deal of a philosopher, and with his philosophy goes some wit. The representatives of the Wichita, Comanches and Kiowa tribes, who have been in Washington trying to prove their title to Grier county, Texas, as a part of their reservation, have started home, having failed to get the Government of their way of thinking. They claim to have been deceived by the interpreter at the time the treaty was ratified. Big Boy, a Wichita Chief, says of that little episode: "Yes, we knew all 'bout him. Big man, bald head, big nose, red nose, heap whisky, no savey, heap fool." This same laconic authority describes Secretary Teller. "Big man, good heart, give Injun heap of maps, but no land." Mr. Big Boy does not appreciate painted prairies on a scale of five miles to the quarter inch.

The Roses.

The queen of flowers is now in its glory. Here in New England the perfection of the roses comes with the year's longest and best days—amid the glories of perfected June. On lawn and in garden, now, the rose in some of its varieties is in its full glory. How much it adds to the charm of this, the year's most beautiful time! Nothing in the whole domain of the flower can equal the rose. And by cultivation a good many new and valuable varieties have been developed. Most gardens and rosebeds in this region now succeed very well with the "half-hardy" additions to the old hardy garden list. The General Jacqueminot, with its deep, rich imperial red—more perfectly beautiful in the swollen or just opening bud, than in the fully open flower—is regarded here as a hardy rose; and it is unquestionably a great acquisition. That it blooms more than once in the season is another valuable characteristic of this splendid and already popular rose. It is found, now, in almost every ground and garden. The Jules Margottin, as beautiful in its own way, and even more fragrant, is another of the modern hardy roses—classed as a remontant; one of the most exquisite of its kind; very double, a blush-rose tint, or clear pink, perfect in bud, and scarcely less lovely in full flower, highly fragrant, and the full flower lasting a long time. It is one of the very best of the garden roses. Of these, too, is the approved old Madame Plantier cupped and double, and pure white; a luxuriant grower and abundant bloomer. The "old-fashioned white rose," another variety, is still unsurpassed in its own style—a tall and luxuriant bush, with abundant rich green leaves to set off its white flowers. Of the half-hardy tea roses, the fragrant and popularly approved Soffano and Souvenir d'un Ami hold a deservedly high place in the public taste.

The Marshal Niel, with its superb yellow flower, requires in our climate more protection than an out-door rose should have. It is as much the March sun as the January polar temperature that is to be guarded against. The Niel is really, in this region, a greenhouse rose. The Glorie de Dijon, a splendid climbing rose, of salmon or buff hues, is highly appreciated wherever it is known, and it might, with little protection, do well even in our climate of trying winters; it flourishes finely in the damper and cooler summer climate of England, but that is chiefly due to the less severe winter there. The Chromatella is a magnificent China rose—a climber, from the Lamarque—its bud a rich cream color, the flower large, globular and brilliant yellow. It should have some protection.

The variety, indeed, of beautiful roses now in bloom is almot endless. They require constant care; vermin in endless variety attack them; the eggs laid by the white winged insect that crowds the under side of the leaf develop into thevoracious rose slug, and other devouring worms, that, unattended to make the leaves look as though a fire had passed over them, and utterly ruin the rose for the summer. To rais fine garden roses is, indeed, a perpetual battle with rose slugs, rose bugs and vermin of various sorts. Nature seems to manifest a strange love for animate creatures of the vermicular shape and motions, from snakes and earthworms to the moth of the clothes closet, the sea-worm that devours piling and ship timber, and the endless thousands of varieties that destroy the currant, gooseberry and rose-bushes, the plum, peach and apple tree, and pretty much everything else. Life is in fact a battle against worns, and they are bound to conquer us at last. But meanwhile there is every inducement to give them battle on our rose-bushes, if by so doing we can have such peerless flowers as the reward.

How Long to Eat Dinner.

Persons who find it difficult to let any dish pass them, or to avoid consuming everything they put on their plate, and who drink four or five kinds of wine pell-mell, should either avoid dinners or resign themselves to the role of simple feeders.

As a matter of fact, however, the dinner which the *Christian Union* describes as a scene of sensual indulgence from which all signs of intellectual interest and of mentel vivacity are absent, is rarely seen in our day among educated men, unless they are very young. Dinners, in the first place, are rarely two hours long. The fashion on this point has greatly changed. In France during the Empire they lasted but little over an hour. In London one hour and ten minutes is now the orthodox limit. In New York, where the material side of the dinner unquestionably is still too prominent, they seldom reach an hour and a half among people who make any pretense of giving the dinner for the sake of the talk.

The coffee and spice establishment of Bell Conrad & Co., at Chicago, was partially burned. Loss, $15,000.

Our Young Folks.

Better than Bird-Nesting.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

"Isn't he pretty?" asked Nat Jones, squeezing in his hand an unlucky tomtit. The scene was the play-ground of a parish school in England, the actors three school-boys, named Hugh Colton, Hal Smithers, and Nat Jones.

"Yes; he's pretty," said Hugh, rest his hands on his knees to look closer at the bird. "But you let him go and I'll show you something better than that."

"No, no!" cried Hal. "Keep him, Nat, and I'll help you to teach him al sorts of tricks, and we'll go halves on the price when he is sold."

"Will we?" said Nat scornfully. "No, I'll have him all for myself. I caught him."

Some one called Hal away, and Hugh seized the chance to say: "I know that bird by the uneven tail feathers. You let him go and I'll show you something jolly."

"Oh! well, if you are so determined," said Nat, "here goes." And he unclasped his fist and released the tomtit, which darted off with a series of sharp cries that might mean joy or fright as the hearer chose to imagine.

Guided by Hugh, good-natured Nat soon found himself in a pine grove where stood a stone house which had been unoccupied for years.

"Look and listen," said Hugh. "Hear the screaming of tomtits in that hole in the wall? A pair of 'tits have settled there. I put a box into the hole because the moss and feathers were always tumbling down inside the wall. Nearly every day when the father and mother are gone I peep in to see if there are any eggs, but so far I have not found any; they must come soon my father says."

"What shall you do when they come—blow them or keep them whole?"

"I shall let them alone and watch the young ones. What does this egg-collecting amount to? You might as well have postage-stamps or china or anything else so far as the science that we boys learn from robbing nests. I mean to know the habits of all the birds in this part of the country, and learn to distinguish their songs and cries. Every pleasant evening my father and I walk in the woods and listen to the sounds of the birds, and he tells me all sorts of jolly things about them."

"There go the 'tits!" cried Nat. "Now we can look." Hugh gently lifted the box out of the hole and examined the moss carefully. There lay in a mass of feathers and moss two beautiful white eggs flecked with rust color. The box was replaced as gently as possible, and soon the father aud mother came back from their flight, and with much screaming settled themselves in the hole again. "You see," said Hugh, "I know that tomtits are not easily frightened, or I should not touch their nest. Some birds would never come back to their eggs if you meddled with the nest."

Every day now the boys found a new egg until seven were laid. Then the birds began to sit, and after fourteen days a fine family of little tomtits were revealed to the eyes of the delighted boys, whose joy was hardly inferior to that of the parents.

"I suppose we felt like uncles," said Nat. "This is a great deal nicer than bird-nesting."

But, alas! all boys were not as kind as Hugh and Nat. One terrible day they found the mother dead on the ground below the nest, her brains dashed out by a stone that some cruel hand had thrown. The father had disappeared, and the little ones were crying for food.

The boys did their best; they tried to feed the little things with small grubs as the parent birds had done, but in vain. They missed the nestling warmth of the soft, spreading wings, and in a few hours their misery was ended; the tomtits were dead.

Nat and Hugh were very unhappy about this, so they determined to protect their pets another year from depredations. A box was nailed against a wooden wall near the house of Hugh's father. A small hole in the cover served for a door, but did not allow of liberties from passers-by. The result was a charming family of tomtits, who grew to maturity in peace. The gardener said they killed his buds; the boys said they destroyed harmful insects. Probably they did both.

WAIT FOR ME, PAPA.—A strong man lay upon his death-bed in full possession of his faculties, but rapidly approaching that "unknown sea which rolls round all the world." His little daughter, the pet and baby, sat on the bed holding his hand in hers and begging him to "det up and do walkin'." The dying man looked at her with eyes whose love was soon to be quenched in death, and said in a faltering voice:

"Papa must go alone—papa must go alone a long, long journey."

The little one slipped from the bed and ran out of the room. Soon she returned with hat and cloak on, ready for a walk, and her little satchel on her arm. Even in that brief space the father had become unconscious, and the heart-stricken friends caught up the child and whispered to her:

"H-u-s-h, papa is going."

Then there rang out the sad, wailing cry, as the child held out her pleading arms:

"Wait for me, papa."

The dying man opened his eyes, looked at his little daughter with a smile, and framed some words inaudible to mortal ears, and so entered into rest, perhaps bearing with him beyond the stars the last echoes of his darling's voice.—*Detroit Post.*

THE NOBLEMAN'S GIFT.—There was once a nobleman who took great pleasure in making others happy. One day, while traveling in a distant part of the country, he perceived, in a field, four laborers, who were eating their noonday meal under the shade of a tree.

"Let us approach these people," he said to his followers, "and ask them if they think themselves happy."

Three of the laborers replied that God had placed them in their present condition, and they were contented and happy, and wished for nothing more in this world. The fourth frankly avowed the wished for one thing to complete his happiness—that was, for a certain inheritance which his father possessed.

"And if you had that inheritance," said the nobleman, "would you be happy?"

"As much as I could be in this world," replied the peasant.

"And the value of the inheritance?" asked the nobleman.

"Two thousand francs," was the response.

"You shall have it," said the nobleman, "for I shall be glad to make one man happy in my life."

The next day the nobleman said to his followers. "Let us return, and see how much happier the peasant is than before he received our gift."

But alas! the nobleman found that instead of increasing the peasant's happiness, he had only rendered him more miserable. Before he received the gift, he returned home after a day of toil to a night of rest, and having nothing to lose, he feared no one; now he was in constant dread of robbers, and had been unable to sleep during the whole night. Before, he had always lived peacefully with his family; but now, they were constantly wrangling as to how they should spend the money.

As to his three friends, who had been quite contented, they, too, had become unhappy and miserable, because they had not asked for money, and they envied him his treasure so much that they had ceased to be his friends.

The peasant begged the nobleman to take back his gift, and leave him as happy as he had found him.

The nobleman turned to his followers aud said: "You now see how little this man knew as to what would make him happy; let us learn from him to seek for true happiness—not in the increase of our worldly goods, but in contentment and resignation to the will of God."

Virtues of Hard Work.

And take off your coat early in the fight, my son. Don't be afraid of hard work. It can't hurt you. Ten o'clock isn't too late to knock off, and 5 o'clock doesn't come so very early in the morning, to a young man. It doesn't come so early as 3 by two hours and yet how often do you go to bed at 3? No? I'm glad to hear you say it, because while three o'clock is a very early hour at which to rise, it is paradoxically a very late one to go to bed. In order to be up with the lark in the morning, Telemachus, it isn't at all necessary to sit up with him all night. But if you are at work the midnight oil will not hurt you. It will do you good, because the hard workers are long livers. You'll never work yourself to death, my boy. Now, there's your sister; she's more liable to overwork herself than any man you ever knew. I believe the ceaseless, monotonous sound of old Euryclea's household duty and domestic cares, or young Natsica's worry over the family laundry would kill the oldest man in America in a week. It is true that a woman's work goes on forever, But then, bless your soul, fair Hermoine, don't let that worry you. You don't go on forever to do it all. And you don't have all of it to do, even when you live. Man's work goes on forever, too; and I'm glad of it. But I'm not going to stay here to do it all, and I shan't do any more of my own while I do stay than I am obliged to. Don't fret because woman's work goes on forever. You will have shirts to make and socks to darn for Neoptolemus not more than fifty or sixty anyhow. And so for you, Telemachus, it is not hard work that destroys young men; it's the intervals that kill. It's the relaxation that hurts. Sometime you may wake in the morning with the worst head upon you that ever made you sigh for death. And you weren't sitting up to work until 2 a. m., either. You will know there isn't a line of Virgil or a unit of mathematics, or one stroke of honest hard work in that headache that is going to throw one more wasted day into your bright young life. If you had burned the midnight oil over the workbench, at the forge or at the desk or at the lathe, it would never have manufactured such a headache as that. It might and it would have sent you to bed as tired as a shadow of death, but you would open your eyes next morning on an honest world of hope and sunshine in all its radiance. You'll never work yourself to death, my boy. The harder you work, the less mischief and trouble will you get into.—*Burdette.*

The Field of Science.

Kerosene oil will soften leather hardened by water and make it pliable as new.

The consumption of China grown tea has fallen off 9,000,000 pounds in five years.

An old Cunard commander says to add one mile an hour to the speed of an ocean steamship you almost double your consumption of coal.

M. Nordenskjold maintains that the aurora is a permanent phenomenon in polar regions, being always seen when the sun is below the horizon and when the moon is invisible.

In Japan a patent law is wanted—not to protect the inventor, but the pockets of the Japanese themselves. They believe that the impression "patented" is a token of the good faith of the vendor and of the authenticity of the article.

The curious observation has been made by a French writer that the initials of the five elements (in the French names) which enter chiefly into the constitution of organic matter, namely, Carbone, Hydrogene, Azote, Oxygene and Soufre, spell chaos.

When tinned iron, says Dr. Carles, serves for containing alimentary matters, it is essential it should have no lead in the tin. The lead is rapidly oxidized on the surface, and is dissolved in this manner in the neutral acids of the contents of the vessel.

Connecticut is rapidly advancing in the cultivation of the oyster. Not less than 90,000 acres are said to be devoted to the raising of that delicious crustacean. The business is also large. Thirty steamers and many sailing vessels are engaged in the traffic.

A good luting sor conduit pipes consists of equal quantities of burned lime, cement, potters' clay and loam well dried, ground and sifted, and then intimately mixed up and kneaded with linseed oil and varnish. For water pipes it is well to use more cement.

At a late meeting of the Physical Society Mr. H. R. Troop showed that more than three color sensations were consistent with the theories of Maxwell and Helmholtz, and explained that four primary, separate color sensations, in couples, served the theory as well as three.

An ingenious improvement in locomotive head-lights has recently been patented, by which the engineer, through a rod near his hand, can turn the headlight in any direction, from front to rear, on a siding platform which is as wide as the locomotive at its broadest.

After a cruise of a few months in the South Pacific a French man-of-war was recently found to have specimens of living corals growing upon her hull. The interesting discovery has thrown some light on the question of the rapidity of growth of corals. The evidence tends to show that the vessel, on passing a reef of the Gambier Islands, against which she rubbed, had picked up a young fungia, which adhered to the sheathing, and grew to a diameter of nine inches and a weight of two and one-half pounds in nine weeks.

Mr. Milne, who has recently returned from England to his Government post in Japan, has suggested to the Japanese Government the great utility of establishing a series of observations for the study of earthquakes, earth-tremors, earth-pulsations, earth-oscillations or permanent changes of level, terrestrial magnetism, fluctuations of underground water, earth temperatures, eruptive phenomena, etc. Mr. Milne writes that he is more and more convinced that there are "earthquakes" of so slow period that neither observers nor ordinary instruments record them.

The following is given as a manner in which petroleum is burned in the fire-box of a Russian locomotive: "The refuse is laid on the highest step at both ends of the fire-box, and drops from one step to the other, cascade fashion. No steam is introduced into the fire-box, as the refuse petroleum simply runs through the pipes by gravitation, the tank carrying the petroleum being placed not on the floor of the tender, but above the water-tank, and should the petroleum be too thick it is arranged that steam can be introduced through a warm pipe in this tank, the steam ultimately exhausting into the tender."

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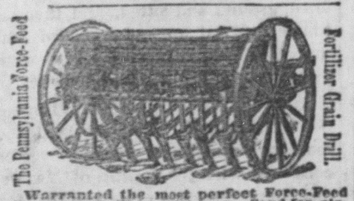

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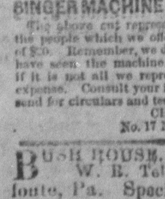

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THE CENTRE REPORTER.

CENTRE HALL, PA. July 26, 1883.

It is dificult to collect any statistics of the ravages of the cholera in Egypt, but when telegrams show that there were one hundred and twenty-eight deaths in four towns in one day some idea may be gained of the terrible effect with which the disease works.

Miss Sallie L. Paules, Wrightsville, Pa. says: "I recommend Brown's Iron Bitters for backache and liver and kidney complaints"

For the CENTRE REPORTER.

The Millennium.

The second coming of Christ it a subject on which there has been much controversy and in regard to which there is still diversity of opinion. A number of questions confront us in the discussion of this subject which might be entertained with profit.

I. WILL CHRIST VISIT THE EARTH AGAIN IN PERSON? Ans. He will. The reasons in favor of this view are:

1. The Scriptures say so. E. g, Ac, I. 11., we read as follows: This same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven, shall come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven. In Heb. ix. 28 it is written: Unto them that look for Him he shall appear the second time without sin unto salvation. Paul in I. Cor. xv. 23 says: At His coming they that are Christ's shall be made alive. I. Tes. iv. 16, the Apostle also says: The Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the arch angel, and with the trump of God. These proof texts contain a clear answer to the above question.

2. This doctrine is declared in every Creed from the Apostles' to the present day. There needs to be no dwelling here.

3. The terms employed to express this event contain another reason. 1. Apocalupsis, Revelation is found I. Thes i. 7, The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with His mighty angels. I. Peter i. 13 we find also: At the revelation of Jesus Christ.

2. Parrusia, Presence, rendered Coming, is also found in a few places. e. g. I. Cor. 15:23, At His coming. I. Cor. 3:13, At the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. I. Thes. 4:15, The coming of the Lord. Ja. 5:8, The coming of the Lord draweth nigh, and Peter 4:12, The coming of the day of God, also I. John 2:28, At this coming, etc.

3. Epiphaneia, appearance, manifestation, is also used. e. g. I Tim. 6:14, Until the appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ. This term is found five times in the N. T.

3. There are also some terms referring to the day which are a reason for thinking that the Son of God will come again. e. g. Day of God, II Pet. 3:12. Day of the Lord, I Thes. 5:2. Day of our Lord Jesus Christ, I. Cor. 1:8. That day, II. Thes. 1:10. The last day, John 6:39-54. The great day, Jude 6.

II. HAS THE TIME OF HIS COMING BEEN REVEALED? Ans. No. No one—no, not the angels, neither the Son knows the time. Christ himself says, Mt. 24:36, But of that day and hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels of heaven, but my Father only. See also, Mk. 13:36, Lk. 12:40, 2 Peter 3:10, Rev. 16:15. I come as a thief in the night.

III. DID THE APOSTLES EXPECT THIS EVENT DURING THEIR TIME? Ans. There is an affirmation to this effect in the Scriptures, but they did not intend to teach this. e. g. He which hath begun a good work in you will permit it until the day of Jesus Christ, Phil. 1:6. We which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not present them which are asleep, I. Thes. 4:15. Exhort one another and so much more, as ye see the day approaching. Heb. 10:25, I Peter 1:5, Ja. 5:8, Cor. 15:41. Compare with these texts 2 Thes. 2:2-3. The day of Christ is at hand, Let no man deceive you by any means; for that day shall not come except there come a falling away first, and that man of sin revealed the son of perdition. Also II. Tim. iv. 6-8 and Rev. 1:3. "Behold He cometh. see also Rev. 20th chapter, Christ's coming is said to be at hand in the passages referred to, while a long series of events were to happen before his final coming and the end of the world.

IV. WILL CHRIST COME BEFORE THE MILLENNIUM OR AT THE END OF THE WORLD? Ans. At the end of the world. The reasons for answering this question thus are the following:

1. Christ is to remain in heaven as mediator and intercessor until the church on earth is complete. Ac. 3:21. Peter says: He shall send Jesus Christ whom the heaven must receive until the times of restitution of all things. Ac. 2:34-35. David saith: The Lord said unto my Lord, Sit thou on my right hand, until I make thy foes thy foot stool, Heb. 10:12. This man after he had offered one sacrifice for sins forever sot down at the right hand of God.

2. This coming of Christ is to be in connection with the general resurrection. I. Thes. 4:16. Paul says: The Lord himself shall be revealed from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God, and the dead in Christ shall rise first. I. Cor. 15:52. The trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised.

This coming is to judge the world. Mt. 16:27. The Son of Man shall come in the glory of his Father with his angels: and then he shall reward every man according to his works. See also Mt. 25:31-46 and Jude 14 and 15. Behold the Lord cometh with ten thousand of his saints to execute judgement upon all.

4. This coming is to consumate all things. II. Peter 3:7-10 contains the following: The heavens and the earth which are now, by the same word are kept in store, reserved unto fire against the day of judgement and perdition of ungodly men. See also Rev. 20:11-21, I. John 3:2: When He shall appear, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is.

V. WHAT IS THE PREMILLENNIAL VIEW OF CHRIST'S COMING? Ans. There is much diversity among Chiliasts and Millennarians. They agree, however, on the following points;

1. That Christ will come in person at the beginning of the Millennium.
2. That he will raise the martyr dead.
3. That he will reign in great glory in Jerusalem a thousand years.
4. That afterwards will come the final apostasy for a season, spoken of in II. Thes. 2:2.
5. That then will follow the general resurrection and judgement of the last day.

VI. WHAT PASSAGE OF SCRIPTURE IS MAINLY RELIED ON TO PROVE THE PREMILLENNIAL ADVENT OF CHRIST? Ans. Rev. 22:1-10, Though much other Scripture is pressed into service.

VII. DOES A CORRECT INTERPRETATION OF THIS PASSAGE TEACH THIS DOCTRINE? Ans. No. The reasons are the following:

There is not a hint in it of the second coming of Christ.

The word "Psucas," souls, does not point to a literal Resurrection. The resurrection of the Scriptures is the resurrection of the body.

It is a figurative resurrection. They lived and reigned 1000 years in the spirit of the martyrs. Ez. 37:12-14 and Rev. 11:11 are examples of such figurative use of Language. Also Lk. 15:32. Thy brother was dead and is alive again. In ordinary language John Huss said: He would rise from the dead. Adrian said, in reference to Luther: Huss and Jerome are alive again.

It is inconsistent with other numerous and plain passages. e. g. Heb. 8:10-11. They shall not teach every man his neighbor, and every man his brother, saying, Know the Lord: for all shall know Him from the least to the greatest. And Rev. xi. 15 says, The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of his Christ; and he shall reign for ever and ever.

It is consistent with the drift of the whole passage in which it stands. It is said on such the second death has no power. They are to reign a thousand years in the spirit of the martyrs. A thousand years may mean eternity. What then? This passage teaches that the rest of the dead live not again until the thousand years are ended. i. e. Those who were put to death for their opposition to Christ, being destroyed by himself—at the end of the thousand years there would be men again who would have their spirit and again oppose Christ and his glory.

VIII. WHAT ARE SOME OF THE OBJECTIONS TO A PREMILLENNIAL ADVENT?

There is no trace of it in the earliest and most distinguished apostolic fathers. e. g. Clement, Ignatius and Polycarp Irenaeus and Justin insist on it, but they are later authors.

It is contrary to the orthodox creed of the Church in all ages.

It is manifestly of a carnal character.

It is degrading to the Holy Spirit. The doctrine sounds as if the Holy Spirit could not convert the world. But the Holy Spirit is Christ's proper agent to carry on his work till He returns to judgement.

It paralizes missionary effort for the conversion of the world.

It would necessarily disarrange the affairs of the Church. We could not associate with Christ, who has a glorified body with these gross bodies. They would have to be spiritualized; the saints would have to live a thousand years, or die and go to heaven, and what would heaven be without Christ, and how would saints enjoy themselves without Christ?

IX. WHAT IS THE SCRIPTURAL VIEW OF THE MILLENNIUM? Ans. Understanding the term in a general sense, there may be expected the general diffusion of the Gospel among all nations; the overthrow of idolatry and superstition; the conversion of all nations to the truth; the greatly increased power of the gospel and Spirit of God over the hearts and lives of men. This end, I believe, will be accomplished by the Word and Spirit and the dispensation of Providence. See Gen. 22:18, In thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed. Ps. 2:8 and 22:27, All the ends of the world shall remember and turn unto the Lord and all the kindreds of the nations shall worship before thee. Ps. 72:11-17. All kings shall fall down before Him. All nations shall serve Him. His name shall endure forever. His name shall be continued as long as the sun: and men shall be blessed in Him. All nations shall call Him blessed. See Is. xi. 6-8, Dan. ii. 34-35, vii. 27, Heb. ii. 14, Zec. ix. 10-14, Mt. xiii. 31-32, Rev. xv. 4 and 19-16.

(Concluded next week.)

The North American Review for August opens with a model paper on "Moral instruction in the Public Schools." It is written by Rev. Dr Newton, and deserves careful and thoughtful consideration. This is followed by quite as interesting an article from the pen of Rev. Dr. Patton upon the same subject. There are also several other communications treating upon topics that cannot fail to make the issue interesting and instructive.

—Harvest is nearly over and with the abundance of the crops farmers will make a rush for the Philad. Branch to get new suits in place of the ones worn out in the hay and grain fields. By purchasing at the Philad. Branch each one expects to save $10 to $15 which will run into a saving of many thousands, taking the aggregate of farmers in Centre county. All honor to Lewins for reduced prices in clothing.

B. K. Jamison, banker, of Philadelphia, and his partners have purchased a large tract of gas coal land in Clearfield county paying therefor $230,000.

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Sing praises of that wondrous cure,
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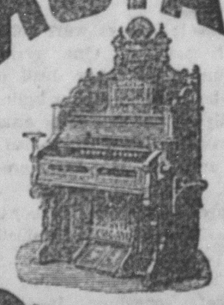

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THE CHEMIST AND THE ROSE.

There once was a chemist who found a rose,
  Dewy and fresh in its fragrant bloom.
"I wonder," quoth he, "how this fair flower grows,
And from whence it gathers its sweet perfume."

So he plucked the rose in this belief:
  "I will carry it home and search out where,
Deftly hidden in petal or leaf,
  Is this fragrance sweet that scents the air."

Then over his fire, with alembic and still,
  He burned it up, and he boiled it down
With acids and alkalies, until
  The rose and its sweet perfume were gone.

'Tis tolly indeed that one should care
  The sweets of life to analyze;
To drink one's fill of the perfumed air
  Is the only way to be truly wise.

Conquered at Last.

It was down at the Vernons' it all happened.

We were invited there for August, and when the invitation came Clem declared she would not go.

"No, not one step; it was sure to be dull," she said. "All sorts of horrid people, and not a man worth amusing one's self with."

Auntie was in despair, and I was as angry as it was possible for me to be with her, for our prayers, like our reproaches, were of no avail; she received both with the calmest indifferences.

Then, at the very last moment, after I had spent eloquence sufficient to move a statue, and when auntie, with martyrdom written on every line of her dear old face, and visions of hot, dusty watering-places floating before her, was writing regrets and excuses to Mrs. Vernon, there came a letter to Clem from Laura Irvington—three sheets closely written, and in the very last postscript she mentioned that her cousin, Cyril Brentley, was at the Vernons'.

Then Clem immediately announced she had changed her mind, took possession of auntie's partially-written regrets and excuses, kissed us both into forgiveness of her extremely wicked behavior, and commenced packing her own trunks with an energy which I knew meant war.

You think it strange?

Well, we didn't.

Auntie and I were perfectly used to such caprices; she always ruled us, our lovable, naughty Clem.

Yet I was certain it was not pure caprice that made "my lady" change her mind that time but that bit of information about Cyril Brentley.

You see, his reputation for being unconquerable was quite equal to her own as the most outrageous flirt in society.

Clem loved a foeman worthy of her steel, and she had been "put on her nettle" concerning him several times; and since we had never met him, I was very sure she meant mischief.

We were to go on the eighth, and it was the sixth when Clemence made up her mind to go; and from that time until the evening of arrival she beamed upon us like a perfect sunbeam; but that evening she got fractious—wouldn't get dressed, and when we presented the inducement of tea and the impossibility of getting it without a toilette, she declared she didn't want any tea, and sent us down without her, very much disturbed in spirit, but wisely reserving our excuses for non-appearance till the last minute.

We found a number of our friends in the drawing-room—Mrs. Dancried and Maud, Mrs. Norton and her two daughters, Captain Lacy and his sister, Mayne Alton, Frank Hazelton, and several others.

Just as everyone was wondering in their hearts if tea would not be served soon, in marched Clem, ready for conquest, too entrancingly lovely and perfectly dressed.

She always dressed like an angel—or a Frenchwoman, which is a much better comparison.

That night she was in black, dense black, from the tip of her train to the ruches that framed her pretty chin and the sleeves that displayed the dimpled wrists.

Her hair was combed up and coiled on top of her head like a great golden snail-shell, and a few, loose, bright threads made a curly halo around her face.

Everybody crowded around her, for Clem was a great favorite, and always received an enthusiastic welcome.

"Clem," whispered Maud Dancreid, "now the 'General' has come, I suppose we must fall back; but we are delighted to see you nevertheless."

One of her many nicknames was the the "General," given to her at school, because, as someone had said, "she was invincible, and commanded an army of charms;" and the name clung to her even after she had left school for society.

She replied laughingly to Maud's remark, and turned to receive the greetings of Captain Lacy; and it was then that Mr. Brentley entered, and, coming over to Mrs. Vernon, apologized for his tardiness.

As I was standing near, Mrs. Vernon introduced us, and after acknowledging it very gracefully he commenced some polite commonplace about the city and country, got halfway through, and paused—not a very long pause, but so plainly uncalled for in the middle of a sentence that I looked up surprised; and, following his glance, saw that Clem had turned and raised her beautiful eyes; and for the first time they saw each other.

He finished his remarks composedly, and then Mr. Hazelton, on the other side, claimed my attention.

But I managed, while attending to him, to hear Mr. Brentley say to our hostess:

"Will you tell me who that is with the wonderful golden hair?"

Mrs. Vernon looked amazed, then laughed.

"My dear Cyril," she said, "have you become ensnared in those golden meshes? That 'wonderful' hair may only be the net of a syren, and you know you abhor a flirt."

"She is not a flirt," said Cyril, so decidedly that I turned to look at him and catch Mrs. Vernon's significant amused glance. "I could think so were the face less pure and unconcious. It is a theory of mine that no one can trifle with all that is holiest in the affections without it leaving the sign 'trifler' upon the face; and by that sign I know the coquette at sight. But you have not told me the name."

"No," laughed Mrs. Vernon; "I will introduce you after tea,"

After tea I saw her, with Mr. Brentley in close attendance, slowly making her way to where Clem stood, a charming picture against the background of exquisite lace curtains.

She was perfectly conscious they were approaching her, but she had not been through two seasons of hard flirting and any amount of trying situations to appear conscious.

"Clemence," said Mrs. Vernon, her voice trembling with mischief, "Mr. Brentley has requested the honor of an introduction. Miss Clem Darcy—Mr. Cyril Brentley."

The man actually started, but he hurried to acknowledge the introduction.

Clem was making her most graceful bow, and did not notice it.

"Aha, Mr. Brentley!" I thought. "The General's first shot is the explosion of your theory.

But before the evening was over I was convinced that Clem had met her match.

He certainly was fine-looking, and brilliant when he chose to talk.

He was not handsome, but beside him many a handsomer man would pale into insignificance, his face was so expressive of power and character, of quiet strength; and I foresaw that my lady Clem would hardly capture that man with her accustomed ease.

She too recognized it, and as I sleepily unlaced my boots in our room that night she rushed in, struck an attitude, and with a flourish of her fan, exclaimed:

"War to the knife, Fan, and no quarter!"

Later she realized it more fully, and with dissatisfaction, that if he was not a general with an army of graceful nothings and killing glances at his command, he was at least commander of himself.

It was evident that he liked her, that he enjoyed and sought her society.

They walked, talked, read and danced together; and everybody was of the opinion that Clem was as sure of that conquest as of all others; but of it the General herself was not so sure.

"The unmovability of that man is simply distracting," she said to me one day in our room.

Having been accustomed to persons who moved at her will only, she naturally rebelled at this phase of character in Mr. Brentley; but try it she would—and the force she brought to bear was wonderful—she could not surmount it.

She had power to please, but none to displease, or even annoy him.

Do what she would in that direction, he was unmoved, gracefully impenetrable.

Clem became desperate, and flirted with Charlie Marston.

Mr. Brentley not even deigning to retaliate by a like proceeding—which would have been a slight satisfaction—spent the time in her very presence with apparent indifference to her proceedings, and enjoyment of the society of Mrs. Vernon and auntie.

I could see it was all telling on Clem.

A man against whom she had used in vain her whole battery of charms was an anomaly.

"No woman who is not a saint likes indifference."

And Clem was by no means a saint.

How any man with the vestige of a heart could resist her was to me a wonder.

But though I was almost certain that the quiet of Cyril Brentley's manner was the result of a stern effort of will, the resistance enforced, and that he was human enough to be terribly in love with the winsome little coquette, to all appearance he was endowed with invulnerability.

And Clem?

Considering the fact that it was only a trial of skill, the way it affected her was mysterious.

Although she was outwardly tranquil although she made no sign, I saw she was possessed by a strong nervous excitement.

She was sleepless.

No fatigue seemed to affect her.

Pride was in arms.

She had never beaten a retreat in her life—never in all her life been conquered; and she said to me one night, as see stood before the glass with her pretty teeth tight shut:

"Fan, he shall surrender!"

And so it went on till the third day of September.

We had all of us stayed longer than we had at first intended, and Cyril Brentley that morning had announced his departure on the next.

We were all going out on the cliffs for a farewell picnic.

You have seen the cliffs.

They rise straight and tall up from the river—most terrible to climb; but the magnificent view from the top repays you.

Clem was a siren indeed that day.

She wore palest green muslin, and flirted desperately.

In the afternoon Cyril Brentley took her away up to the top of the tallest cliff to see the view.

While they were standing looking out at the river she took a step nearer the edge to see over.

"Miss Clem," said Cyril, "it is not safe for you to do that; this cliff overhangs a little, and it may not be all solid ground beneath your feet."

But that afternoon for Clem "to hear was to disobey," and she danced straight out to the very verge, giving him a saucy look over her shoulder.

The next moment she was in his arms, pale and speechless.

That extreme edge of the cliff upon which she had been standing had loosened and swept with a rush like a small avalanche into the river below.

Only Cyril Brentley's arm had saved her.

He looked down upon the pale, perfect face lying so close against his shoulder.

The rippling golden hair, which had become loosened, floated around her in silken masses, and one fragrant, shining tress floated over his shoulder, touching his cheek.

He held her close, and with a quick, passionate gesture kissed her on the fair, white forehead.

"My right by the great love I bea you," he murmured.

Some time after, when Mayne Alton and I found them, Clem was sitting upon the ground insisting that she was perfectly able to walk back to the picnic ground, while Mr. Brentley was arguing in the most self-contained of manners that she had better not risk fainting again; and back we went, for she had her own way, and electrified the people, bringing down showers of congratulations and praise upon Mr. Brentley.

Auntie insisted that Clem must be ill, she looked so pale, and she must go home at once.

And as the picnic was getting to be rather a bore, everyone else concluded to go, too; and upon our arrival Clem was taken to her room, kissed and petted, and finally left to me.

She lay with a serene smile on her lips, flushing and paling by turns; and so sweet she looked, I was moved by the unwonted sentimentality of quoting poetry about my own sister. She looked, I thought, like Tennyson's Adeline:

> Scarce of earth nor all divine,
> Nor unhappy, nor at rest;
> Yet beyond expression fair,
> With the floating golden hair
> The rose lips and sweet blue eyes;"

and I secretly wondered, too, if being so near death had frightened all of the wickedness out of her.

That evening, while we were sitting in the twilight holding a "Quaker meeting," silent, yet enjoying ourselves, I wondering what was the matter with Clem and what she was thinking of, Mrs. Vernon came in with a message from Mr. Brentley.

"He is in the library, my dear," she said, "and would like to see you. He leaves us in the morning."

Clem rose quietly.

"I will go down," she said.

And down she went in her simple white robes.

The following I learned afterwards by dint of perseveringly questioning two very dear relatives of mine—my brother and sister.

Clem walked into the library, which was dimly lighted (thoughtful Mrs. Vernon!) with perfect certainty of the result.

The nervous restlessness was gone, the uncertainty and doubt.

It was a clear open field to her then; for the first time she was sure she held the vantage.

Cyril then came to meet her.

"Forgive me," she said, with a charming smile; "I forgot you were to leave in the morning. I always delude myself till the last moment with the belief that anything pleasant will go on for ever. But," suddenly changing to sweet, solemn gravity, "I did not forget that I owe to you my life, and"—lifting her glorious eyes—" the possibility of pleasure or pain. Words are so poor! I hope you understand that I feel I owe you more than I can ever hope to repay—that anything I could do to lessen the weight of gratitude would be done gladly."

And her eyes were misty with tears.

Cyril's reply was cold, almost stern.

"To whatever of service there was in the act, Miss Darcy, you are perfectly welcome. As for myself, I shall be fully repaid in the thought that I have saved so much of beauty from probable disfigurement, though it be to the destruction of many of my brethren. May I offer you a chair?"—drawing one directly under the light of the chandelier.

Clem accepted the chair.

There was a faint pink flush over her throat and face, but her eyes were clear and untroubled.

She opened her fan, a wonder of exquisitely-carved sandalwood and lace, and swayed it back and forth with nonchalant grace.

"You may deny me the pleasure of expressing it, but you cannot lessen my feeling of gratitude. I suppose I understand what you mean. I wonder you allowed so small a consideration as myself to influence you against the great one—the welfare of your brethren. I am sorry, though, Mr. Brentley,"—her voice changing effectively—"that you so utterly despise me. I had hoped that you were my friend—that it was not a matter of indifference to you whether I lived or died."

He looked at her from head to foot, so bewitching in her simple white dress and pale blue ribbons, with her dimpled, perfect arms and shoulders showing through the thin material—so glorious in her careless beauty, with the shade of weariness upon her face; and he drew his breath hard.

"Was any man ever your friend, Clemence Darcy? Does it ever rest there? Do you ever stop before you make them yours, heart, mind, and soul? You have been called a 'General,' and you are rightly named; you do command an army of charms. This," touching her fan, "is one weapon; your eyes, capable of expressing everything your heart cannot feel; your voice; every feature of your beautiful face; your hands, which win by every curve and dimple—all your glorious beauty forms an armory used only for conquest, and you are a 'General' without mercy!"

Clem was leaning back in her chair, pale but perfectly indifferent.

She toyed with her fan; she did not even look up; and he went on, his voice stern with pain:

"I do not care whether you live or die. I saved your life to-day because I cared. But," drawing his breath hard, "I would rather see you lying lifeless at the foot of those rocks than know that your future will be the one I foresee—that you will live on your life of selfishness and disregard, making men suffer as I know they can suffer, with no knowledge of the divine self-sacrifice of loving, though it be hopelessly of being loved in return. I would rather you had died as you lay unconscious in my arms."

"I was not wholly unconcious."

The voice came low and clear.

Clem did not look up, but her expression was in a degree triumphant.

"You were not? Then you have more of a triumph than I had intended, You have honored me by doing battle with me, Miss Darcy, using all your battery of charms; and, though I may be wounded, you will do me the justice to acknowledge it is hardly a victory, since I have not surrendered. Good-bye, Clemence. Shall we not call it an even battle?"

He held out his hand, but Clem was standing pale and defiant, with her face turned from him.

"You will not? Then adieu, Miss Darcy!"

He turned to go, but one word stopped him, and he looked back.

"Wait!"

Down on the floor went the lovely fan, drenched with tears were the eyes that had done such execution, and the voice, sweet, with a quiver of pain in it, said:

"Wait, wait! Oh, Cyril, I surrender!"

Collarettes of black satin, much beaded in jet, cut out in deep points, with jet tassels, or balls, from the points, are dressy adjuncts to the toilets for ladies who always wear black.

There can be little or no doubt that the eggs of hens while undergoing the process of incubation are liable to be affected by the cholera of fowls. Bartholemy has shown that eggs contain germs of the microbes.

At Tower City, Dakota, in boring an artesian well, at the depth of 560 feet salt water was reached. Fresh water, mixed with quicksand, was found at 604 feet, and at 675 feet pure water flowed in a steadily increasing quantity.

How Heavy Ordnance is Made.

Our gun works at South Boston are the only in the country except those at West Point, but their manufacture has been mostly of Parrott guns, and they have never made a gun weighing more than ten tons. Ours is the only concern that can make large guns, and we have before now made guns weighing fifty odd tons. Our capacity, owing to the policy of our Government, is no greater than twenty years ago. Since the close of war of the rebellion we have had large contracts with the governments of Spain, Chili Peru, the Argentine Republic, Italy, Turkey, Russia and China. So long as we had the patronage of the United States Government we had no difficulty in obtaining contracts with other governments, but, when our contracts closed at home, we very naturally lost a foreign trade. In the meantime, other governments have encouraged gun works by giving them orders, so that Krupp's establishment in Germany, Armstrong's at Woolwich, in England, and Schneider's at Cruesot, in France, are to-day overrun with orders. We could not make the steel guns in this country till we have better and largely increased facilities for forging steel. In Europe, for instance, at Krupp's works, they have 100-ton hammers for forging, while the largest we have in this country is 17-ton. The steel for the six-inch guns which we made last year we had to procure in Europe.

Spoiling a Frock Coat.

In the first-class ocean steamships, as the Bothnia, the Alaska, the Britannia, the Arizona, the Baltic, and the Spain, which carry from 150 to 200 cabin passengers apiece, it is becoming the rule to dress for dinner—the ladies in semi-evening toilet, the gentlemen in frock coats. A good story is told by Purser Neppens, of the Cunard Line: "It is a rule, sir," said a steward to a tall, fair passenger, "to put on a frock coat at dinner." This was after the vessel had been two days at sea. The passenger persisted in wearing his suit of light tweed, and the request was reiterated on the following day, which happened to be a stormy one. The vessel lurched heavily, but the passenger appeared in in a frock coat of exquisite fineness. The contents of a plate of soup, however, soon destroyed its gloss, and the gentleman retired abruptly in confusion. He said nothing, however, until Liverpool was reached, when, placing a letter in the hands of the purser, he desired him to give it to the manager of the line. Its contents were as follows:

"The—— Line.

"To the Earl Airlie, Dr.

"To spoiling one frock coat to oblige the company, £7 7s.

"N. B.—Light tweed is more appropriate for grease spots than black cloth in heavy weather."

The Jocose.

What is the boundary that separates a smile from a tear? "Give it up." "The nose."

What is the difference between a dull razor and a bad boy boy? None; for they both need strapping.

"There, never mind," said the dentist; soothingly, as he twisted the tooth around once or twice to loosen it up, "never mind, it won't hurt." "No," gasped the victim, "I know it won't, but it does just now, and that's what interests me."

It is said that a young lady can never whistle in the presence of her lover. The reasan is obvious. He doesn't give her a chance. When she gets her lips in a proper position for whistling something else always occurs.

"My son," said an American father, "how can you marry an Irish girl?" "Why, father, I'm not able to keep two women. If I marry a Yankee girl I'd have to hire an Irish girl to take care of her."

A Certain Similarity.

Rosa Bonheur could draw cattle as natural as life, and Jesse James could draw blood that couldn't be distinguished from the genuine article. Both were desirous of getting on the right side of the hanging committee.

HER DAUGHTER'S HUSBAND.—A traveler saw a woman take a man by the collar, yank him up the steps into a railroad car, jam him down into a hot seat near the stove, pile a valise and two big brown baskets with loose covers and long handles at his feet, shove a lady into his lap and say: "Now, sit there until I help Mary Jane on the car, and don't move till I come back." When the woman reached the door the traveler said to her: "Is that man your husband?" "N-A-A-W!" roared the woman. "He's my daughter's husband, and she hasn't spirit enough to say her soul is her own." This true story teaches that some travelers haven't enough sense to diagnose a family party when they see one.

Wonderful Salt Springs where the Tide Ebbs.

A *New Mexican* scribe buttonholed Surveyor General Atkinson lately and inquired how he and Senator Logan spent the time during their recent trip to the American Valley. "Oh," said he, "we put in the time very agreeably," and he went on to relate several interesting narratives. "Twenty miles northwest of Moore & Casey's ranch are located the wondrous salt springs, and, after going on a hunt south and bagging a deer and some wild turkeys, the party decided upon visiting these springs. Here is a salt basin about one mile in diameter, and the waters ebb and flow as regularly as do the tides of the ocean. When the tide goes out the edge of the basin shows salt instead of sand. In the midst of the lake are three conical-shaped mountains 100 feet in height by 100 feet in diameter, which are apparently composed entirely of cinder, such as is left in any ordinary grate after the coal is burnt. One of these forms an island in the middle of the basin, but the others are so situated as to be accessible when the tide is out. Fortunately this was the case when the visitors were there and, actuated by a desire to see all the wonders, they climbed to the top of one of these mountains. It was found to be hollow—just as if an immense funnel had been thrust into the top—and at the bottom, about on a level with the water in the main basin outside, was a spring which they discovered was possessed of several peculiar features. The party scrambled down inside the mountain and reached the spring. The water was found to be very strongly impregnated with salt, and its density so great that a person in bathing would find it impossible to sink or even stand up in it, or do other than float upon its surface. The depth of the spring is unknown, and this, too, like the water in the basin, ebbs and flows with the tide. The General thinks that by the use of a siphon hundreds of barrels of salt could be obtained from this spring daily. These springs consist of a part of about 200 acres which have been reserved from entry or sale by the Government as saline lands."

Scraps.

"Annie, is it proper to say this 'ere, that 'ere!" "Why, Kate, of course not." "Well, I don't know whether it is or not, but I feel cold in this ear from that air."

A father wrote to his son in an Arkansas college that he was a fool to write for the newspapers without pay. "Never write except for money," said he. The young man at once wrote for $50.

A good-natured traveler fell asleep in a train and was carried beyond his destination. "Pretty good joke. Isn't it?" said a fellow-passenger. "Yes; but carried a little too far?" was the rejoinder.

Pictures speak louder than words: A western editor illustrates his agricultural items after the following style: Corn, throughout the county is about so [illegible] high.

A young lover in Iowa paid $40 for a locomotive to run him thirty-five miles to see his girl, and when he got there the family bull-dog ran him two miles and didn't charge him a cent. Corporations have no souls.

He Knew Him.

Uncle Hank Allen was perhaps the smoothest and most accomplished liar in central New York. Why, the old man's lies were so smooth, so artistic, that, while listening to them, you imagined you were listening to Elder Cleveland's Bible stories. One day we were all talking about potato bugs in Uncle Hank's grocery, which was a sort of village farmers' club. Old Hank scratched his head thoughtfully and remarked: "Gentlemen, you don't any of you appear to know anything about the ravenous nature of them potater bugs You may call me a liar, but I've had potater bugs walk right into my kitchen and yank red-hot potaters right out of the oven. Waiting around the potater patch for the second crop!" exclaimed Old Hank with a sneer. "Waiting? Why, confound your eyes, I was up at Townsend's store yesterday, and I saw potater bugs up there looking over Townsend's books to see who bought seed potaters for next year. I did, by gosh!" The whole grocery was still when Uncle Hank finished. You could have heard a pin drop. Finally a long lean man from Woodman's Pond raised himself up near the door. He was evidently a new-comer, and was not acquainted with Mr. Allen. Pointing his long finger at Uncle Hank he exclaimed: "You are a liar!" Uncle Hank looked over his glasses at the stranger long and earnestly. Then holding out his hand he inquired with a puzzled look: "When did you get acquainted with me?"

The newest jet bonnets are without foundation, and are made of large beads strung on wires, in a trellised pattern, through which the hair is seen, and have a coronet of diamond-shaped jets.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

CENTRE HALL, PA., July 26, 1883.

The Largest Paper in Centre County.

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Dealers in White Goods,
Notions,
Gents Furnishing Goods.

Black Cashmeres a specialty.

28jun tf It will pay you to call.

LOCAL ITEMS.

——The Reporter for the campaign for 30 cents. Send in new names, friends. tf

—An interesting article on the Millenium on another page. Study it.

—Lock Haven is to have a new bank with a capital of $100,000.

——Sheriff Spangler and John Miller have gone to Clarion county for cattle.

——The contest between the self-binder agents the last two or three weeks, was about as hot as an election campaign.

——Our farmers are done harvesting. The grain and hay crop was not so abundant in the county in 20 years.

—The Pleasant Gap band will hold an enjoyable festival, Friday and Saturday, 27 and 28 inst.

—The Journal says a harvest home picnic is to be held in Dutweiler's grove near Millheim, July 27.

—Mrs. Kreamer, widow of Dan'l Kreamer, living near Millheim, is very ill and not expected to recover.

—H. H. Weaver last week returned from Jefferson county with a pair of splendid horses, a pair of blooded shepherd dogs and a hundred fine sheep.

—Ex-sheriff Wagner and three daughters, of Union county, were reported to us as visiting at Mrs. J. Dinges' in this place.

——Rev. D. J. Mitterling, pastor of the English Lutheran church here and at Beach City, received the degree of A. M. from his Alma Mater, Wittenberg college, of Springfield, O. We congratulate the Rev. on receiving this distinguished honor Nevada, O., *Times.*

——Mr. John Hoffer, of Bellefonte, honored our sanctum with a call, on Monday.

——The Philad'a Branch is booming with customers after cheap suits. It is the greatest place in the state for clothing at low prices, and goods that stands closest inspection.

——Can any one give us the whereabouts of J. S. Reed, formerly of Neff's Mills, Pa., as we have information of interest for him. 3t.

Mr. John G. Kurtz, inventor and patentee of the Kurtz Fire Escape, shipped a complete outfit for the Kerr House, Marion, O, last Monday. This invention is the most simple in construction, the easiest understood and the safest yet invented.—Milton *Argus.*

——Have you been at Sechler's grocery and tried their goods? if not, don't put it off any longer; you are a looser in purse and sufferer in health if you do not keep your table furnished with pure, fresh and wholesome family groceries such as are only found at Sechlers Try their goods at least, and you will want more.

——We hear a rumor that the Furnace Company in Hartley Twp., will shut down work towards fall. If so, it will be a bad pop for many laborers and their families in that section. It is said that nearly if not quite one hundred families—strangers—have been brought to that section by reason of the furnace enterprise, and, if thrown out of employ when cold weather sets in, it will go hard with them. So says the Mifflinburg *Telegraph,*

—Camp's furniture rooms are always stocked with every kind of goods in his line, of his own make, warranted best material and superior workmanship, equal to any furniture in Centre county, besides being considerably lower in his prices. Furniture to please all tastes.

—For a few days last week one could hardly talk with the lady in telephone exchage at Bellefonte; we thought 'praps she'd got mad, but soon learned that it was not near so bad and the line had only been knocked dumb by lightning.

——The Plum Grove School district, east of Centre Hall, has about one square mile of territory. Mr. Benj. Arney, a farmer in that district, has made an estimate of the wheat fields in the district, and estimates their yield will be over 11,000 bushels.

FRESH MEAT.—James A. Deckert's Spring Mills meat market supplies fresh, stall-fed beef, constantly, also pork, veal and mutton in season. Potters Mills, Centre Hill and Penn Hall will be supplied from the wagon, two days each week. 10may6m

JOB PRINTING.—Having added some new founts of job-type to our office, and a lot of stationery at low prices, we can furnish 1000 printed envelopes at $1.75; ruled bill heads at $3.40 per 1000, and letter heads at same low rates, for cash.

Mr. Charles Nace, Wrightsville Pa., says: "I used Brown's Iron Bitters for chronic rheumatism and have been greatly benefited."

The Legislature is still in session but no apportionment.

——The Centre Hall Lutheran Sabbath school room having been remodeled will be dedicated next Sabbath morning with appropriate services, to consist of addresses, readings, and music. All are invited to attend, especially the members of the congregation. Exercises will begin precisely at 9 a. m. and end with the hour for preaching at 10.

——The Buffalo Run railroad, says the Lock Haven *Journal,* recently built from Bellefonte to a point near State College, is about to pass out of the hands of the originators into the control of the B. E. V. R. R., or rather the Pennsylvania Company. On Monday Superintendent Blair was at Bellefonte in a special car. The *News* says he went with Edmund Blanchard, Esq., president of the B. and B. R. R., over the route of the latter road and will probably purchase it from the gentlemen who now own it, consisting of Judge Charles A. Mayer, General James A. Beaver, J. D. Shugert, Frank McCoy, and three or four others.

——The report that the Buffalo Run railroad has been sold to the Penn'a railroad, we are told by a reliable party, is not correct.

——The first returns of big yield of wheat have come. Will H. Harter, of Hartleton writes us he thrashed his wheat and got 35 bushels to the acre, and wants to know if any Centre county farmer can beat it.

——The attention of farmers is called to the advertisement of Messrs. Baugh & Sons, in another column. The reputation of their Phosphate is world-wide. Send for Circular.

——Heavy thunder showers, accompanied by storm passed over different sections of our county on Monday afternoon.

——Rain all day on Tuesday.

A chemical journal states that raspberry jam, without raspberries, is now made from some of the products of coal-tar.

PENN HALL ITEMS.

Prof. L. Robb on Monday opened his select school in the public school building; his prospects are good for a large school. Miss Carrie E. Herring has returned to the old homestead from Watsontown where she has been residing over six months. What takes Adam F. Heckman so often down Brushvalley—Is he looking after a farm or some other object? He is a capital farmer. Mrs. A. Kautherman of Mifflinburg, was here visiting the family of her uncle, S. J. Herring, Esq. Mrs. Daniel Runkle unfortunately fell from a cherry tree and dislocated one of her shoulders. Charlie Smith, of Pine Grove, is here again. Sam'l Borrell upset a load of hay into Penns Creek at Constable Kline's crossing, he had to do it even like Himmelberger did. Frank Fisher runs an express wagon between Penn Hall and the RR depot and sometimes the mail for Kline the messenger. Bob Bartges is an expert on horseback—look out for Barnum. A Millheim hunting party passed through here en route for the Seven mountains; gentlemen you shonid leave game alone until the proper time. Boys the law fixes a penalty for injuring public or private property; some had better be careful how they use knives on school houses and church buildings and throwing stones into windows. A fight occurred on Sunday at Andy Weaver's house on Brush mountain. They had a free fight in which knives were used. A young Auman came out with a badly cut face; he had his good looks spoiled on Sunday evening. Lute Musser of this place was at Musser church in Penn twp. and during services his horse got loose and ran away; he did not get him until next morning; the buggy was not as badly used up as expected. Mr. Editor why do you not extend your telephone line here to send up my items? NEWS BOY.

Heart affections, kidney and liver troubles affect nearly one-half of mankind. Yet how many heedlessly pass through a shortened life giving no care to these complaints which cause the human family such great distress. Does your heart beat violently from the least excitement? Have you fits of dizziness? Does your back ache? Are your bowels constipated? Delay is dangerous. Be wise in time. Reign perfect health by using Brown's Iron Bitters.

ST. ELMO HOTEL,

No 317 & 319 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

Reduced rates to $2 00 per day. The traveling public will still find at this Hotel the same liberal provision for their comfort. It is located in the immediate centres of business and places of amusement and different railroad depots, as well as all parts of the city, are easily accessible by Street Cars constantly passing the doors. It offers special inducements to those visiting the city for business or pleasure.

Your patronage respectfully solicited.
JOS. M. FEGER, Proprietor.
apr26tf

MUSICAL INSTRUCTION!!

The undersigned will begin a term of Musical Instructions on the Piano and Organ, commencing July 30, 1883, and continuing ten weeks. Classes will be organized at Aaronsburg, Millheim and vicinity. Arrangements have been made at Aaronsburg to accommodate pupils from a distance who are desirous of receiving musical instruction. Terms moderate. Good boarding can be procured at reasonable rates. Persons expecting to take lessons should apply immediately so that the necessary arrangements may be effected. For further information apply in person, or address

WM. T. MEYER,
12jul3t Aaronsburg, Pa.

PRECIOUS HOPE—PERUNA.

One morning while he (her husband) was holding her up in order that she could breathe more easily, after having struggled with a bad spell of coughing, he made the remark that he did not believe she would ever get well, when she, in her weakness, said: "Yes I will, if you will bring Dr. Hartman." The doctor was brought. He prescribed a teaspoonful of *Peruna* every hour. She began to improve from the first dose she took. She told me to-day she has never felt better in her life than she does now, and that she cannot say too much for *Peruna.*
A. J. MILLER.

Her husband writes: "South Chicago, Ill., Dec. 19, 1881: I have a living witness of the virtue of *Peruna* in my wife, who was saved from death by it. I certify that every word on page 50 in Dr. Hartman's book on the "Ills of Life" is true in every particular. T. S. EBERLINE.

FROM MILLHEIM

Miss Lillie Deininger, of New Berlin, is at present visiting in town; she is stopping at Mr. Henry Lose's.

Miss Lula Motz, from Woodward, who is home from Union Seminary, New Berlin, is also visiting her many friends in Millheim.

Harry Tomlinson, the enterprising and efficient business man of Millheim, has opened a branch store on North Main street which is managed by Sam'l Weiser. Sam does a good business and is just the boy for that branch store.

It is well that the raspberry pickers of Millheim who tresspassed were not treated like the man in Mifflin county, or our town would be very much depopulated.

The campmeeting of the Evangelical Association will begin on the 16th of August, instead of the 23d. It will be held near Millheim in Jacob Gephart's Grove. Ministers from different parts of the district will be present. No boarding house will be kept on the ground. The gents bringing their ladies from a distance will find desirable stopping places at either of our town hotels. Messrs. Frain and Musser keep good houses, their tables are furnished with the best the market can afford, and their attendants and hostlers are obliging.

Our friend Yoney Kreamer, who is afflicted with dropsy and who has suffered much is convalescent, hope he will soon regain his usual health.

A new building is to be erected on Penn Street in which the Millheim Journal will be printed. The masons are now working on the wall. We hope Ben the senior editor will put up a beautiful building, one that will be a credit to Penn street. PETER.

A farmer living a few miles south of York threw some cherries which had been in an empty brandy cask into the hog pen last Saturday. During the night the hogs, which had been eating freely of the cherries, got gloriously drunk and became quarrelsome, making the night hideous with their squeals and grunts and groans, and aroused the family. Not knowing the cause of the noise the men sallied forth with guns to find out the cause of the noise, and upon reaching the hog pen witnessed a regular hog fight Quadruped or biped, the effect seems all the same.

PENN'S VALLEY INSTITUTE.

The Fall Term of this Academy will begin July 30, 1883. Special attention will be given to those preparing to teach. Tuition from $4 to $8. Boarding from $2 to $2.50 per week.

W. P. HOSTERMAN, A. M.,
12jal3t Principal.

ASSOCIATE JUDGE.

We are authorized to announce that John Rishel, of Potter, will be a candidate for Associate Judge, subject to democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that Henry R. Smith, of Ferguson township, will be a candidate for Associate Judge, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that Daniel Fleisher, of Potter, will be a candidate for Associate Judge, subject to democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that Dr. J. R. Smith, of Pine Grove Mills, will be a candidate for Associate Judge, subject to democratic usages.

PHILADELPHIA PRODUCE.

Philadelphia, July 23.—Wheat and corn are higher. Oats are steady. Minnesota extras at 5 00@6 00; Penna family at 4 90@5 12½; western do., at 5 50@6 00, and patents at 6 00@7 25.

Wheat dull and lower, with 1 16 bid and 1 17½ asked for No 2 red July; corn 61 bid and 61½ asked for sail, mixed July. Oats were firm with 43½ bid and 45 asked for No 2 white, July.

CATTLE MARKET.

Buffalo, July 23.—Cattle—Receipts 2,200; market opened active but closed dull, extra steers 5 75@5 90; good shippers 5 20@5 65; mixed butchers; 3 74 to 4 75. Hogs—good to choice Yorkers, 6 40 to 6 50, light do. 6 00to 6 50; medium and heavy, 6 00 to 6 25; pigs, 5 80 to 6 10.

LOCK HAVEN MARKET.

Butter, 15 to 20 cts. per lb; eggs, 18 to 20 cts. per doz; potatoes, old 80 cts. per bushel; new, 25 cts. per peck; chickens, 60 to 80 cts. per pair; lard, 16 cts. per lb; apple butter 80 cts. per gal; corn, 80 cts. per bu; oats, 55 cts. per bu; beans, 20 to 25 cts. per peck; cabbage plants, 10 c.s. per doz; huckleberries, 12 cts. per qt; peas, in pod, 20 cts. per peck; shelled, 15 cts. per qt; currants, 10 cts. per qt; cherries, 4 to 6 per qt, raspberries 10 to 12½ cts.

SPRING MILLS MARKET.

Wheat—Red	$1.10
Rye	70
Corn, shelled, and ears new	60
Oats	45
Buckwheat	50
Barley	75
Cloverseed	8 00
Timothy seed	1 50
Plaster, ground per ton	9 00
Flour, per barrel	5 00

Butter, 15 c; tallow, 6; lard, 12; ham, 15; shoulder, 12; bacon or side, 12; eggs per dozen, 14 cents.

Corrected weekly by I. J. Grenoble.

COAL.—Pea, 3. 35; Chestnut, 4.75; Stove, 5.00; Egg, 4.85.

JURORS—AUGUST COURT.

GRAND JURORS.—Liberty—T S Winslow, D Robb, A C Bowes.....Marion—Wm. Irvin.....Millheim—Jacob Alters, F P Moyer.....Walker—Mich. Corman.....Benner—W H Taylor, Fred. Taylor.....Howard—Jas. B Hall.....Union—A Hall, H Iddings.....Boggs—Wm. Kline, And. Healon.....Philipsburg—R Kincade, B I Laport.....Harris—Chas. Moore.....Bellefonte—A J Brown, M Dolan .....Snowshoe—Wm. Quick.....Miles—J H Delong .....Taylor—B V Fink.....Spring—Al. Stine.....Milesburg—M M'Laughlin.

TRAVERSE JURORS.

Boggs—L R Lingle, I Shultz, C C Eckert, J F Weaver, Jas. Noll, C M'Laughlin.....Patton—W L Furst, John Musser, I Gray.....Bellefonte—D Z Kline, Jacob Flack, A Sternberg, Jas. Dolan, I C Miller.....Walker—Jacob Dunkle, Ed. Peck.....Ferguson—R G Brett, J M Meyer, J R Smith, P S Gray.....Philipsburg—S Shmidt, J V Gray, J J Sanford, A Atherton.....Howard—I Reber, B Weber.....Haines—John C Stover, F Dutweiler, J D Bower.....Rush—R M'Cord, T Vaughn.....Liberty—Jas. R Bumgardner, H A Snyder.....Millheim—Sam'l Weiser, jr., M Ulrich.....Spring—Alex. Miller, Henry Harman, H H Griffith.....Snow Shoe—J Jacobs, J Delany.....Benner—J P Fraizier, H A Knarr.....Half Moon, John A Hunter, John Ward .....Worth, W Woodring.....Miles, Chas. H Brumgart.....Milesburg, J Bolican.....Spring, Daniel Wian.

MARRIED

On 12, by Rev. Hengst, Jonath. Benner and Miss Rebecca Vonada both of Haines.

DIED.

Near Farmers' Mills, on July 17th, of cancer, Mrs Barbara Armbruster, aged 78 years, 10 months and 16 days.

THE DEMOCRATIC DELEGATE ELECTION AND COUNTY CONVENTION.

The democratic voters of Centre County will meet at the regular places of holding the general election for their districts on Saturday, August 11, 1883, to elect delegates to the Democratic County Convention. The election will open at two o'clock, p. m. and close at six, p. m.

The delegates chosen at the above time will meet in the Court House at Bellefonte on Tuesday August 14, at two o'clock, p m, to nominate one candidate for Associate Judge, one candidate for District Attorney, one candidate for County Surveyer, and to transact such other business as the interests of the party may demand.

The number of delegates to which each district is entitled is as follows:

Bellefonte N W	2	Gregg S P	5
S W	3	N P	1
W W	1	Haines E P	2
Milesburg	1	W P	2
Millheim	2	Halfmoon	1
Unionville	1	Harris	3
Howard Boro	1	Howard	1
Philipsburg 1st W	1	Huston	1
2d W	2	Liberty	1
3d W	1	Marion	2
Benner	3	Miles	5
Boggs	4	Patton	1
Burnside	1	Penn	3
College	2	Potter N P	3
Curtin	1	S P	4
Ferguson O P	3	Rush	3
N P	4	Snowshoe	3
Spring	4	Walker	4
Taylor	1	Worth	2
		Union	1

The committee holding the delegate elections and the rules will be published next week.

W. Miles Walker, Sec'y. WM. C. HEINLE, Chairman.

Mr. Jas. W. Rewalt, Wrightsville, Pa., says: I suffered from dyspepsia and heartburn, which Brown's Iron Bitters entirely relieved."

ORPHAN'S COURT SALE.—Will be sold at public sale, at the late residence of John Heimbach, dec'd. in Potter township, Saturday, August 18, 1883, the following valuable real estate, bounded and described as follows:

Two lots of ground, one thereof beginning at a post, thence north 33° east 55 perches to stones, thence south 58° east 19½ perches to stone, thence south 33½° west 46 perches to stones, thence north 78° west 2-5 perches to post, thence south 49° west 8 perches to a stump, thence north 60° west 15 perches to place of beginning. Containing SIX acres and twelve perches, thereon erected a house and stable and other outbuildings.

And the other thereof bounded on the north by Simon Ruble, on the east by Daniel Fleisher, on the south by M. Ulrich, containing four acres, more or less, no buildings.

Terms of sale.—One-third of the purchase money to be paid on confirmation o sale, one third in one year, and the balance in two years with interest, the deferred payments to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises. Sale to commence at 1 p. m.

ADAM KRUMRINE,
Executer.

WHEAT AND GRASS
WHEAT AND GRASS

PHOSPHATE

$25 PER TON.

☞This is a real Ammoniated Bone Super-phosphate which we alone produce by means of special advantages in manufacturing.

$25.00

Per ton of 2,000 Pounds. On Cars or Boat in Philadelphia. Guaranteed Analysis printed on each Bag.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR. ADDRESS

BAUGH & SONS,

Sole Manufacturers
20 SO. DELAWARE AVE.
Philadelphia, Pa.
26july 1m.

Six hundred deaths from cholera in Egypt in one day is rather a startling record, and the disease continues to spread.

MUSICAL COLLEGE.—This permanent Musical School will begin its 23d session of six weeks July 31, 1883, at Freeburgh, Pa. For particulars address F. C. Meyer, Musical Director. 28jun4t

ORPHANS' COURT SALE.

In pursuance of an order of the Orphans' Court of Centre County there will be exposed to public sale on the premises in the borough of Millheim on Friday, August 17, 1883, at 1 o'clock p. m the following described real estate late the property of John Keen, deceased.

No 1. Consists of a valuable tract of FARM LAND situate in the township of Penn, two miles west of the borough of Millheim on each side of the Old Fort and Mifflinburg Turnpike, containing TWO HUNDRED AND TWELVE ACRES, neat measure, survey thereof to be made before day of sale. Upon this tract there are THIRTY acres of white pine, chestnut and oak timber, a Two Story Frame Dwelling House built only two years ago, with good barn and other outbuildings, there is a large ORCHARD of choice fruit, farm well watered by good springs, land in excellent condition. The crops in the ground are reserved. No better farm in the county.

No. 2 Consists of two pieces of ground in the borough of Millheim, and marked in the general plan of said town as lots Nos. 9 & 12, each containing in breadth along Main street forty nine and one-half feet. On these lots is erected a fine large HOUSE AND SHOP.

Nos. 4 & 5 consist of TEN ACRES OF BUILDING LOTS, in the borough of Millheim, one half thereof being in the western part of said borough and the other half in eastern part, both being specially adapted for building purposes.

Possession of these several tracts to be given on or before April 1, 1884.

TERMS: Five per cent of purchase money to be paid when property is knocked down, one third of residue cash upon confirmation of sale, one third in one year thereafter with interest, and the remaining one third at the death of Mary Keen, widow of decedent, with interest thereon to be paid her annually. Said two last payments to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises.

HENRY KERN,
Trustee.

PUBLIC SALE.—Will be sold at public sale at the late residence of John K. Runkle, dec'd, in Potter township, Saturday, August 4: 2 work horses, 4 years old. 2 2-year old colts, 3 milk cows, two of them are fresh, the other will be in a few weeks. 2 heifers, 2 spring calves, 15 head of sheep, 1 sow and pigs, 2 2-horse wagons, 1 2-horse sled, sleigh, wheelbarrow, grindstone, 2 harrows, hay rope, fanning mill, threshing machine and strap, graindrill, hayhook and rope, buggy pole, Excelsior reaper, cornplanter, cornscraper, 2 1-horse cultivators, 4 pairs fynets, 3 sets front gears, single harness, double harness, pair tugharness, 4 pair heavy gears, collars, bridles, &c. Also household goods. Bedsteads and other furniture, 2 iron kettles, chopper machine, and many other articles. Sale to begin at 1 p. m.

LUCINDA RUNKLE, Adm'r.
D. R. Sweetwood, Auc'r.

HOW MANY MILES DO YOU DRIVE? THE

ODOMETER

WILL TELL

Tells how much it is no longer than a watch. It tells the exact number of miles driven to the 1-16th part of a mile; counts up to 1,000 miles; water and dust proof; always in order; serves horses from being overdriven; is easily attached to the wheel of a Buggy, Carriage, Sulky, Wagon, Road Cart, Sulky Plow, Reaper, Mower, or other vehicles. Invaluable to Livery men, Pleasure Drivers, Physicians, Farmers, Surveyors, Draymen, Express men, Stage Owners, &c. Price only $5.00 each, one third the price of any other Odometer. When ordering give diameter of the wheel. Sent by mail on receipt of price, post paid. Address

McDONNEL ODOMOTER CO.,
2 North La Salle St. Chicago.
☞Send for Circular. 26jly 2½m.

CUMMINGS HOUSE,

BELLEFONTE, PA.
EMANUEL BROWN, Proprietor.

The traveling community will find this hotel equal to any in the county in every respect, for man and beast, and charges very moderate. Give it a trial.
28,une tf

DOLL & MINGLE,

Boots and Shoes.

—Largest Stock—Lowest Prices,—

All Goods Bought Direct From Manufactures----

Reynold's Bros. Fine Shoes,
D Armstrongs Rochester Shoes,
Mens Fine Shoes.

WE GUARANTEE EVERYTHING WE RECOMMEND.

No 10 Brockerhoff Row.

Bellefonte, P

HARDWARE — STOVES.

In addition to our extensive stock of FARMERS, BUILDERS & BLACKSMITH supplies, we would call your attention to our stock

Heating Stoves, Cooks & Ranges,

We would especially suggest in Heating Stoves the
CROWNING GLORY,
FORT ORANGE,
EASTLAKE AND
WELCOME HOME.

In Cooks the REGULATOR PIONEER
In Ranges the VICTOR & APOLLA.

A full assortment of Fire Brick and Grates on hand.

WILSON, McFARLANE & CO

Goldsmith Bro's

NO TROUBLE
TO SHOW GOODS

In this spirit all visitors are received at the

BEE HIVE
ONE PRICE
STORES

Whether you intend to purchase or are only

"LOOKING TO SEE WHERE YOU CAN DO THE BEST."

In fact the better a person is acquainted with prices and goods elsewhere, the more certain

WE ARE TO SECURE THEIR PATRONAGE

Nothing is better known to the community at large than that for low prices and excellent variety of goods that we

TAKE THE LEAD

Over and Above All Other Competitors.

DRESS GOODS,
SILKS,
SHAWLS,
DOMESTICS
LINENS,
RIBBONS,
LACES,
HOSIERY,
NOTIONS,

DRESS GOODS,
SILKS,
SHAWLS,
DOMESTICS,
LINENS,
RIBBONS,
LACES,
HOSIERY,
NOTIONS,

CARPETS & OIL CLOTHS,

Merchant Tailoring,

Gents Furnishing Goods,

HATS & CAPS,

TRUNKS & SATCHELS,

Also Manufacturers of the celebrated "Bee Hive Overalls,"—Best in the World.

GOLDSMITH BROTHERS

BEE HIVE

ONE PRICE STORES!

Bellefonte, Pa.

N. B—Don't lose sight of the fact that we are still retailing carpets 25 per cent cheaper than they can be bought less where

As some of those to whom we have sent the Reporter in good faith for a number of years have seen fit to disregard our requests for at least part payment, we are obliged to strike their names from our list, unless heard from in 2 or 3 weeks, as he comes personof honor and honesty.